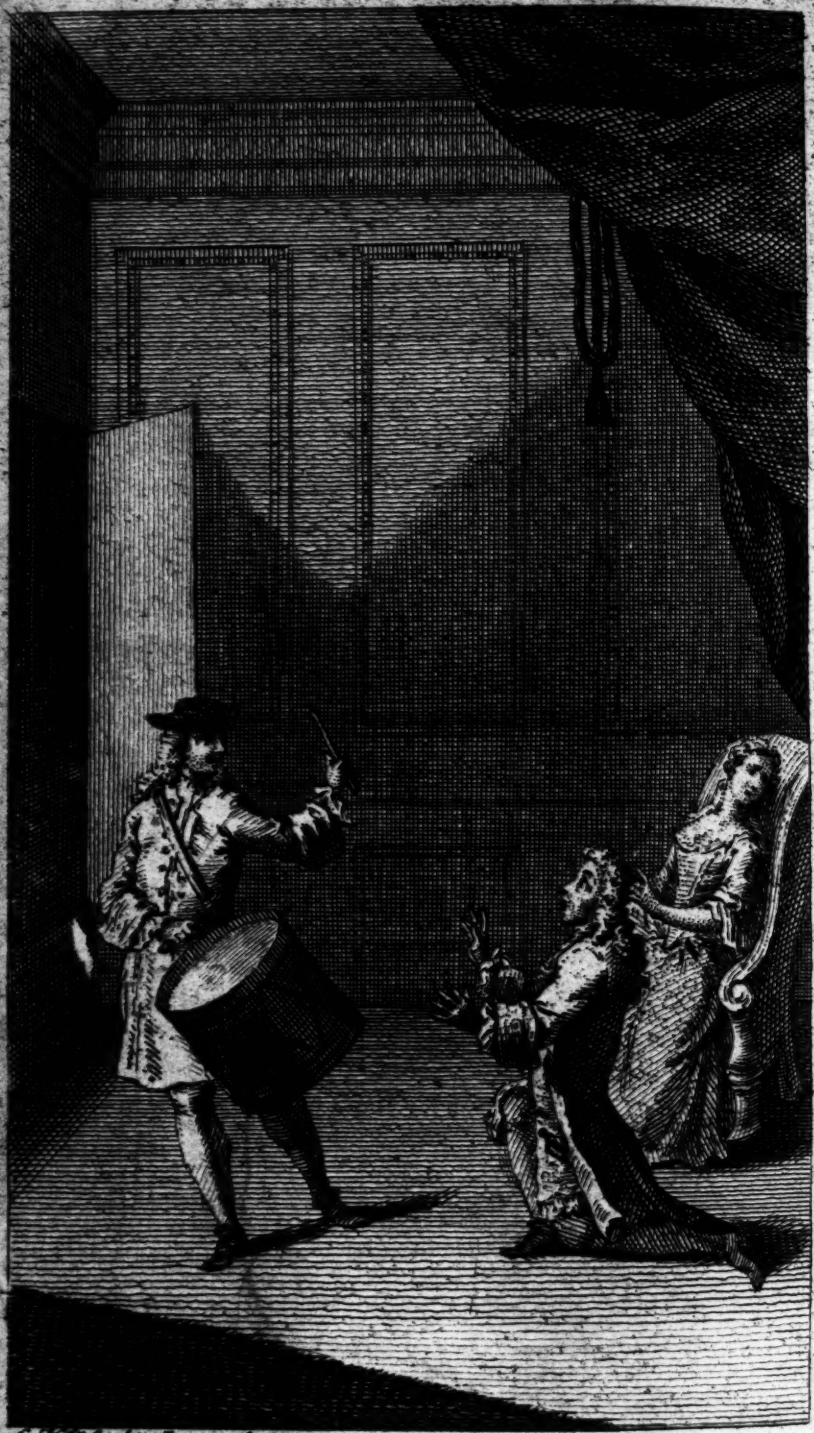

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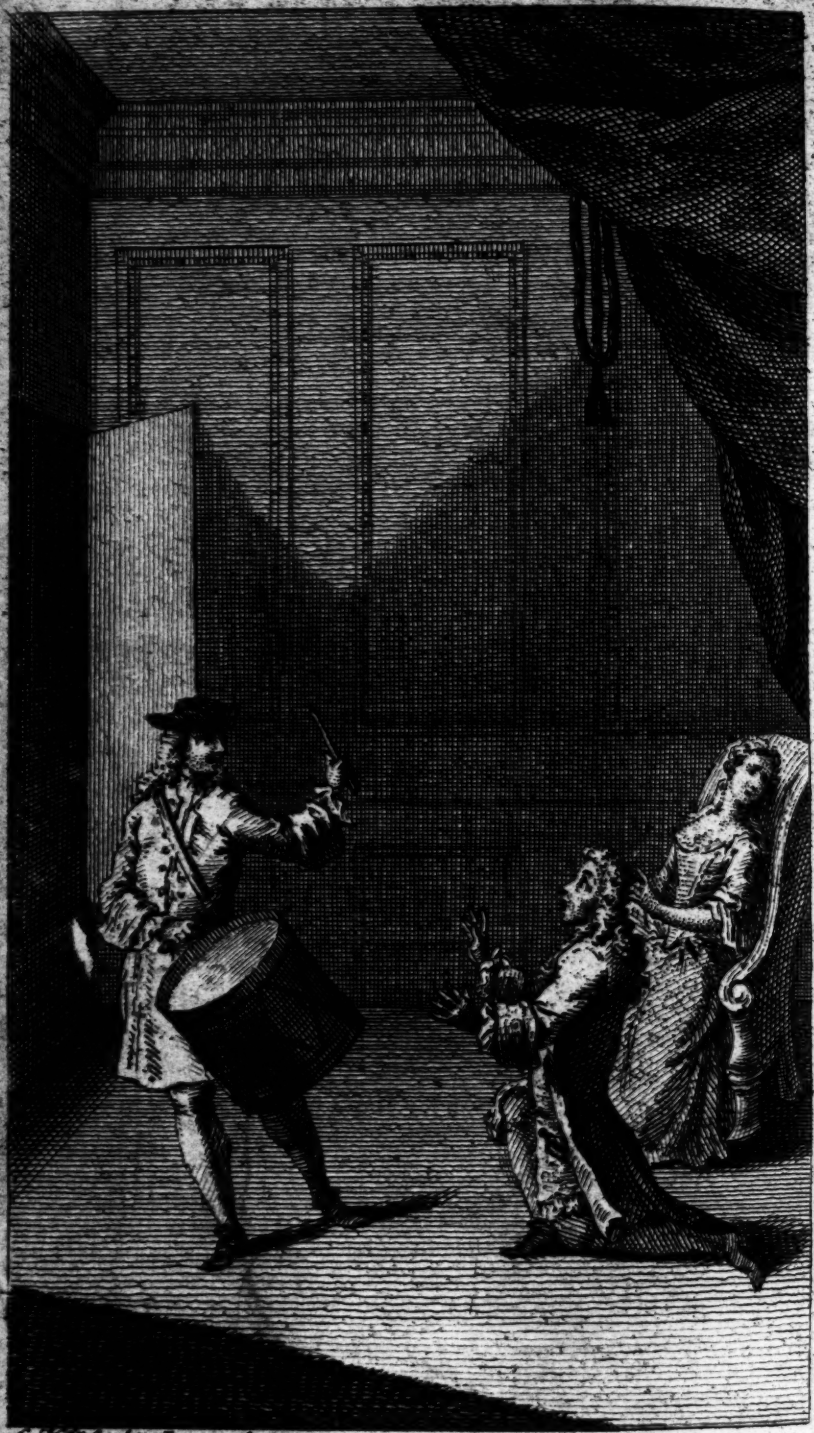

J. Pte. Gucht. Inv. et Sculp.

THE DRUMMER:

OR, THE HAUNTED-HOUSE.

A COMEDY.

By Mr. *ADDISON.*

——*Falsis terroribus implet*
Ut magus—— HOR.

With a PREFACE by Sir *Richard Steele*, in an Epistle Dedicatory to Mr. *Congreve*, occasion'd by Mr. *Tickell's* PREFACE to the Four Volumes of Mr. *Addison's* Works.

LONDON:
Printed for JACOB TONSON in the *Strand.*
MDCCXXXV.

TO

Mr. CONGREVE,

Occaſioned by

Mr. *Tickell*'s Preface to the Four Volumes of Mr. *Addiſon*'s Works.

SIR,

THIS is the ſecond time that I have, without your leave, taken the Liberty to make a publick Addreſs to you. However uneaſy you may be for your own ſake in receiving Compliments of this nature, I depend upon your known Humanity for Pardon, when I acknowledge, that you have this preſent Trouble for mine. When I take my ſelf to be ill treated with regard to my Behaviour to the Merit of other Men, my Conduct towards you is an Argument of my Candour that way, as well as that your Name and Authority will be my Protection in it. You will give me leave therefore, in a matter that concerns us in the Poetical World, to make you my Judge, whether I am not injured in the higheſt manner; for with Men of your Taſte and Delicacy, it is a high Crime and Miſdemeanour to be guilty of any thing that is diſingenuous: but I will go into the matter.

DEDICATION.

Upon my return out of *Scotland*, I viſited Mr. *Tonſon's* Shop, and thanked him for his Care in ſending to my Houſe the Volumes of my Dear and Honoured Friend Mr. ADDISON, which are at laſt publiſhed by his Secretary Mr. *Tickell*; but took occaſion to obſerve, that I had not ſeen the Work before it came out, which he did not think fit to excuſe any otherwiſe than by a Recrimination that I had put into his Hands at an high Price, *A Comedy call'd the Drummer*; which by my Zeal for it, he took to be written by Mr. *Addiſon*, and of which, after his Death, he ſaid I directly acknowledged he was the Author. To urge this Hardſhip ſtill more home, he produced a Receipt under my Hand in theſe words:

March 12, 1715.

RE*ceiv'd then the Sum of fifty Guineas for the Copy of the Comedy called*, The Drummer, or, The Haunted Houſe. *I ſay received by Order of the Author of the ſaid Comedy.*

Richard Steele.

And added at the ſame time, that ſince Mr. *Tickell* had not thought fit to make that Play a Part of Mr. *Addiſon's* Works, he wou'd ſell the Copy to any Bookſeller that wou'd give moſt for it.

This is repreſented thus circumſtantially, to ſhew how incumbent it is upon me, as well in Juſtice to the Bookſeller, as for many other Conſiderations, to produce this Comedy a ſecond time, and take this occaſion to vindicate my ſelf againſt certain Inſinuations thrown out by the Publiſher of Mr. *Addiſon's* Writings, concerning my Behaviour in the niceſt Circumſtance, that of doing Juſtice to the Merit of my Friend.

I ſhall take the Liberty, before I have ended this

this Letter, to ſay, why I believe the *Drummer* a Performance of Mr. *Addiſon*: and after I have declared this, any ſurviving Writer may be at eaſe, if there be any one who has hitherto been vain enough to hope, or ſilly enough to fear, it may be given to himſelf.

Before I go any further, I muſt make my publick Appeal to you and all the Learned World, and humbly demand whether it was a decent or reaſonable thing that Works written (as a great part of Mr. *Addiſon*'s were) in Correſpondence with me, ought to have been publiſhed without my Review of the Catalogue of them: or if there were any Exception to be made againſt any Circumſtance in my Conduct, whether an Opportunity to explain my ſelf ſhould not have been allowed me before any Reflections were made upon me in Print.

When I had peruſed Mr. *Tickell*'s Preface, I had ſoon many Objections, beſides his Omiſſion to ſay any thing of the *Drummer*, againſt his long expected Performance. The chief Intention of which, and which it concerns me firſt to examine, ſeems to aim at doing the deceaſed Author Juſtice againſt me, whom he inſinuates to have aſſumed to my ſelf part of the Merit of my Friend.

He is pleaſed, Sir, to expreſs himſelf concerning the preſent Writer in the following manner.

* 'The Comedy called, *The Tender Husband*, 'appeared much about the ſame time, to which 'Mr. *Addiſon* wrote the Prologue. Sir *Richard* 'Steele ſurpriſed him with a very handſome Dedi-'cation of this Play, and has ſince acquainted the 'Publick that he owned ſome of the moſt taking 'Scenes of it to Mr. *Addiſon*.

† 'He was in that Kingdom [*Ireland*] when

* *Mr.* Tickell's *Preface*, Pag. 11. † Page 12.

'he firſt diſcovered Sir *Richard Steele* to be the 'Author of the *Tatler*, by an Obſervation upon '*Virgil*, which had been by him communicated to his 'Friend. The Aſſiſtance he occaſionally gave him 'afterwards in the Courſe of the Paper, did not a 'little contribute to advance its Reputation; and 'upon the Change of the Miniſtry, he found lei'ſure to engage more conſtantly in that Work, 'which however was dropt at laſt, as it had been 'taken up, without his Participation.

'In the laſt Paper, which cloſed thoſe celebrated 'Performances, and in the Preface to the laſt Vo'lume, Sir *Richard Steele* has given to Mr. *Addiſon* 'the Honour of the moſt applauded Pieces in that 'Collection. But as that Acknowledgment was de'livered only in general Terms, without directing 'the Publick to the ſeveral Papers: Mr. *Addiſon*, 'who was content with the Praiſe ariſing from his 'own Works, and too delicate to take any Part of 'that which belonged to others, afterwards thought 'fit to diſtinguiſh his Writings in the *Spectators* 'and *Guardians* by ſuch Marks, as might remove 'the leaſt poſſibility of Miſtake in the moſt undiſ'cerning Readers. It was neceſſary that his Share 'in the *Tatlers* ſhould be adjuſted in a complete 'Collection of his Works; for which Reaſon Sir '*Richard Steele*, in compliance with the Requeſt 'of his deceaſed Friend, delivered to him by the 'Editor, was pleaſed to mark with his own Hand 'thoſe *Tatlers*, which are inſerted in this Edition, 'and even to point out ſeveral, in the writing of 'which they both were concerned.

* 'The Plan of the *Spectator*, as far as it regards 'the feigned Perſon of the Author, and of the ſe'veral Characters that compoſe his Club, was pro'jected in concert with Sir *Richard Steele*; and be-

* Page 13.

'cauſe

'cauſe many Paſſages in the courſe of the Work, 'would otherwiſe be obſcure, I have taken leave 'to inſert one ſingle Paper, written by Sir *Richard* '*Steele*, wherein thoſe Characters are drawn, which 'may ſerve as a *Dramatis Perſonæ*, or as ſo many 'Pictures for an Ornament and Explication of the 'whole. As for the diſtinct Papers, they were 'never or ſeldom ſhewn to each other by their re-'ſpective Authors, who fully anſwered the Pro-'miſe they had made, and far out-went the Expec-'tation they had raiſed of purſuing their Labour in 'the ſame Spirit and Strength with which it was be-'gun.'

It need not be explained, that it is here intimated, that I had not ſufficiently acknowledged what was due to Mr. *Addiſon* in theſe Writings. I ſhall make a full Anſwer to what ſeems intended by the Words, *He was too delicate to take any part of that which belonged to others*; if I can recite out of my own Papers any thing that may make it appear groundleſs.

The ſubſequent Encomiums beſtowed by me on Mr. *Addiſon*, will, I hope, be of ſervice to me in this particular.

* 'But I have only one Gentleman, *who will* '*be nameleſs*, to thank for any frequent Aſſiſtance 'to me; which, indeed, it would have been bar-'barous in him to have denied to one with whom 'he has liv'd in an Intimacy from Childhood, con-'ſidering the great eaſe with which he is able to 'diſpatch the moſt entertaining Pieces of this Na-'ture. This good Office he performed with ſuch 'Force of Genius, Humour, Wit, and Learning, 'that I fared like a diſtreſſed Prince who calls in 'a powerful Neighbour to his Aid; I was undone

* *Pref. to the 4th Vol. of the* Tatlers.

'by my Auxiliary: When I had once called him in, 'I could not ſubſiſt without dependence on him.

'The ſame Hand writ the diſtinguiſhing Cha- 'racters of Men and Women, under the Names 'of *Muſical Inſtruments*, the *Diſtreſs of the News-* '*Writers*, the *Inventory of the Play-Houſe*, and 'the *Deſcription of the Thermometer*, which I can- 'not but look upon as the greateſt Embelliſhments 'of this Work.

'* As to the Work it ſelf, the Acceptance it 'has met with is the beſt Proof of its Value: But 'I ſhould err againſt that Candor which an honeſt 'Man ſhould always carry about him, if I did not 'own, that the moſt approved Pieces in it were 'written by others, and thoſe, which have been 'moſt excepted againſt, by my ſelf. The Hand 'that has aſſiſted me in thoſe noble Diſcourſes up- 'on the Immortality of the Soul, the glorious 'Proſpects of another Life, and the moſt ſublime 'Ideas of Religion and Virtue, is a Perſon who 'is too fondly my Friend ever to own them; but 'I ſhould little deſerve to be his, if I uſurped the 'Glory of them. I muſt acknowledge at the ſame 'time, that I think the fineſt Strokes of Wit and 'Humour in all Mr. *Bickerſtaff*'s Lucubrations, 'are thoſe for which he is alſo beholden to him.'

'† I hope the Apology I have made as to the 'Licenſe allowable to a feigned Character, may 'excuſe any thing which has been ſaid in theſe 'Diſcourſes of the SPECTATOR and his Works. 'But the Imputation of the groſſeſt Vanity would 'ſtill dwell upon me, if I did not give ſome Ac- 'count by what Means I was enabled to keep up 'the Spirit of ſo long and approved a Performance. 'All the Papers marked with a *C*, *L*, *I*, or *O*;

* Tatler, N°. 271. † Spectator, N°. 555.

'that

'that is to say, all the Papers *which I have diſtinguiſhed* by any Letter in the Name of the Muſe *CLIO*, were given me by the Gentleman, of whoſe Aſſiſtance I formerly boaſted in the Preface and concluding Leaf of the *Tatler*. I am indeed much more proud of his long-continued Friendſhip, than I ſhould be of the Fame of being thought the Author of any Writings which he himſelf is capable of producing. I remember when I finiſhed the *Tender Husband*, I told him, there was nothing I ſo ardently wiſh'd as that we might ſome time or other publiſh a Work written by us both, which ſhould bear the Name of the *Monument*, in memory of our Friendſhip. I heartily wiſh what I have done here, were as honorary to that ſacred Name, as Learning, Wit, and Humanity render thoſe Pieces, which I have taught the Reader how to diſtinguiſh for his. When the *Play* above-mentioned was laſt acted, there were ſo many applauded Strokes in it, which I had from the ſame Hand, that I thought very meanly of my ſelf that I had never publickly acknowledged them. After I have put other Friends upon importuning him to publiſh Dramatick, as well as other Writings he has by him, I ſhall end what I think I am obliged to ſay on this Head, by giving the Reader this Hint for the better judging of my Productions; That the beſt Comment upon them, would be an Account when the Patron to the *Tender Husband* was in *England* or abroad.

'* My Purpoſe, in this Application, is only to ſhew the Eſteem I have for you, and that I look upon my Intimacy with you as one of the moſt valuable Enjoyments of my Life.'

* *Dedication before the* Tender Huſband.

I am

I am ſure you have read my Quotations with Indignation againſt the little Zeal which prompted the Editor, who, by the way, has in himſelf done nothing in Applauſe of the Works which he prefaces, to the mean Endeavours of adding to Mr. *Addiſon*, by diſparaging a Man who had, for the greateſt Part of his Life, been his known Boſom Friend, and ſhielded him from all the Reſentments which many of his own Works would have brought upon him at the Time in which they were written. It is really a good Office to Society, to expoſe the Indiſcretion of Intermeddlers in the Friendſhip and Correſpondence of Men, whoſe Sentiments, Paſſions, and Reſentments are too great for their Proportion of Soul: Could the Editor's Indiſcretion provoke me even ſo far as within the Rules of ſtricteſt Honour I could go, and I were not reſtrain'd by ſupererogatory Affection to dear Mr. *Addiſon*, I would ask this unskilful Creature, what he means, when he ſpeaks in the Air of a Reproach, that the *Tatler* was laid down as it was taken up without his Participation; let him ſpeak out and ſay, why, *without his Knowledge*, would not ſerve his Purpoſe as well. If, as he ſays, he reſtrains himſelf to Mr. *Addiſon's* Character, as a Writer, while he attempts to leſſen me, he exalts me: For he has declared to all the World what I never have ſo explicitely done, that I am, to all Intents and Purpoſes, the Author of the *Tatler*. He very juſtly ſays, the occaſional Aſſiſtance Mr. *Addiſon* gave me in the Courſe of that Paper, *did not a little contribute to advance its Reputation, eſpecially when, upon the Change of the Miniſtry, he found Leiſure to engage more conſtantly in it.* It was advanced indeed; for it was raiſed to a greater Thing than I intended it: For the Elegance, Purity, and Correctneſs which appeared in his Writings, were not ſo much my Purpoſe,

poſe, as in any intelligible Manner as I could to rally all thoſe Singularities of human Life, thro' the different Profeſſions and Characters in it, which obſtruct any thing that was truly good and great. After this Acknowledgment you will ſee, that is, ſuch a Man as you will ſee, that I rejoiced in being excell'd, and made thoſe little Talents, whatever they are which I have, give way and be ſubſervient to the ſuperior Qualities of a Friend whom I lov'd, and whoſe Modeſty would never have admitted them to come into Day-light, but under ſuch a Shelter. So that all which the Editor has ſaid, either out of Deſign or Incapacity, Mr. *Congreve* muſt determine to end in this, that *Steele* has been ſo candid and upright, that he owes nothing to Mr. *Addiſon*, as a Writer; but whether he does, or does not, whatever *Steele* owes to Mr. *Addiſon*, the Publick owes *Addiſon* to *Steele*. But the Editor has ſuch a fantaſtical and ignorant Zeal for his Patron, that he won't allow his Correſpondents to conceal any Thing of his, tho' in obedience to his Commands. What I never did declare was Mr. *Addiſon*'s, I had his direct Injunctions to hide, againſt the natural Warmth and Paſſion of my own Temper towards my Friends. Many of the Writings now publiſhed as his, I have been very patiently traduced and calumniated for, as they were Pleaſantries and oblique Strokes upon certain the wittieſt Men of the Age, who will now reſtore me to their Good-will, in proportion to the Abatement of Wit which they thought I employ'd againſt them. But I was ſaying, that the Editor won't allow us to obey his Patron's Commands in any thing which he thinks would redound to his Credit, if diſcover'd. And becauſe I would ſhew a little Wit in my Anger, I ſhall have the Diſcretion to ſhew you, that he has been guilty in this Particular

towards

towards a much greater Man than your humble Servant, and one whom you are much more oblig'd to vindicate. Mr. *Dryden* in his *Virgil*, after having acknowledged, that a *certain excellent young Man* had ſhew'd him many Faults in the Tranſlation of *Virgil*, which he had endeavour'd to correct, goes on to ſay, 'Two other worthy 'Friends of mine, who deſire to have their Names 'conceal'd, ſeeing me ſtraitned in my Time, took 'pity on me, and gave me the Life of *Virgil*, the 'two Prefaces to the *Paſtorals*, and the *Georgics*, 'and all the Arguments in Proſe to the whole 'Tranſlation.' If Mr. *Addiſon* is one of the two Friends, and the Preface to the *Georgics* be what the Editor calls the Eſſay upon the *Georgics*, as one may adventure to ſay they are from their being Word for Word the ſame, he has caſt an inhuman Reflection upon Mr. *Dryden*, who, tho' tied down not to name Mr. *Addiſon*, pointed at him, ſo as all Mankind converſant in theſe Matters knew him, with an Elogium equal to the higheſt Merit, conſidering who it was that beſtow'd it. I could not avoid remarking upon this Circumſtance, out of Juſtice to Mr. *Dryden*, but confeſs at the ſame time I took a great Pleaſure in doing it, becauſe I knew, in expoſing this Outrage, I made my Court to Mr. *Congreve*.

I have obſerv'd that the Editor will not let me or any one elſe obey Mr. *Addiſon*'s Commands, in hiding any thing he deſires ſhould be concealed. I cannot but take further notice, that the Circumſtance of marking his *Spectators*, which I did not know till I had done with the Work, I made my own Act; becauſe I thought it too great a Senſibility in my Friend, and thought it, ſince it was done, better to be ſuppoſed marked by me than the Author himſelf; the real ſtate of which this Zealot raſhly

raſhly and injudiciouſly expoſes. I ask the Reader, Whether any thing but an Earneſtneſs to diſparage me could provoke the Editor in behalf of Mr. *Addiſon* to ſay, that he mark'd it, out of Caution againſt me, when I had taken upon me to ſay, 'twas I that did it out of Tenderneſs to him.

As the Imputation of any the leaſt Attempt of arrogating to my ſelf, or detracting from Mr. *Addiſon*, is without any Colour of Truth, you will give me leave to go on in the ſame Ardour towards him, and reſent the cold, unaffectionate, dry, and barren manner in which this Gentleman gives an account of as great a Benefactor, as any one Learned Man ever had of another. Would any Man who had been produced from a College Life, and puſh'd into one of the moſt conſiderable Employments of the Kindom as to its Weight and Truſt, and greatly lucrative with reſpect to a Fellowſhip, and who had been daily and hourly with one of the greateſt Men of the Age, be ſatisfied with himſelf in ſaying nothing of ſuch a Perſon, beſides what all the World knew, except a Particularity, and that to his Diſadvantage, which I, his Friend from a Boy, don't know to be true, to wit, *that he never had a regular Pulſe?* As for the Facts and conſiderable Periods of his Life, he either knew nothing of them, or injudiciouſly places them in a worſe Light than that in which they really ſtood. When he ſpeaks of Mr. *Addiſon*'s declining to go into Orders, his way of doing it is, to lament that his Seriouſneſs and Modeſty, which might have recommended him, *proved the chief Obſtacles to it; it ſeems, thoſe Qualities by which the Prieſthood is ſo much adorn'd, repreſented the Duties of it as too weighty for him, and rendred him ſtill more worthy of that Honour which they made him decline.* Theſe, you know very well, were not the Reaſons which made

made Mr. *Addiſon* turn his Thoughts to the civil World: and as you were the Inſtrument of his becoming acquainted with my Lord *Hallifax*, I doubt not but you remember the warm Inſtances that Noble Lord made to the Head of the College not to inſiſt upon Mr. *Addiſon's* going into Orders; his Arguments were founded upon the general Pravity and Corruption of Men of Buſineſs who wanted liberal Education. And I remember, as if I had read the Letter yeſterday, that my Lord ended with a Compliment, that however he might be repreſented as no Friend to the Church, he never would do it any other Injury than keeping Mr. *Addiſon* out of it. The Contention for this Man in his early Youth among the People of greateſt Power, Mr. Secretary *Tickell*, the Executor for his Fame, is pleaſed to aſcribe to a ſerious Viſage and Modeſty of Behaviour. When a Writer is groſly and eſſentially faulty, it were a Jeſt to take notice of a falſe Expreſſion or a Phraſe; otherwiſe Prieſthood in that Place might be obſerv'd upon as a Term not us'd by the real Well-wiſhers to Clergymen, except when they would expreſs ſome ſolemn Act, and not when that Order is ſpoke of as a Profeſſion among Gentlemen: I will not therefore buſy myſelf about *the unconcerning Parts of Knowledge, but be contented like a Reader of plain Senſe without politeneſs*; and ſince Mr. Secretary will give us no account of this Gentleman, *I admit the* Alps *and* Apennines, *inſtead of his Editor, to be Commentators* of his Works, which, as the Editor ſays, *have raiſed a demand for Correctneſs*; this Demand, by the way, ought to be more ſtrong upon thoſe who were moſt about him, and had the greateſt Advantage of *his Example*. But our Editor ſays, *that thoſe who come the neareſt to Exactneſs, are but too often fond of unnatural Beauties, and aim*

aim at ſomething better than Perfection. Believe me, Sir, Mr. *Addiſon*'s Example will carry no Man further than that height for which Nature capacitated him: and the affectation of following great Men in Works above the Genius of their Imitators, will never riſe further than the Production of uncommon and unſuitable Ornaments in a barren Diſcourſe, like Flowers upon an Heath, ſuch as the Author's Phraſe of *ſomething better than Perfection:* But indeed his Preface, if ever any thing was, is that *ſomething better*, for it is ſo extraordinary, that we cannot ſay, it is too long or too ſhort, or deny but that it is both. I think, I abſtract my ſelf from all manner of Prejudice, when I aver that no Man, tho' without any Obligation to Mr. *Addiſon*, would have repreſented him in his Family, and his Friendſhips or his perſonal Character, ſo diſadvantageouſly, as his Secretary (in preference of whom he incurr'd the warmeſt Reſentments of other Gentlemen) has been pleas'd to deſcribe him in thoſe Particulars.

Mr. Dean *Addiſon*, Father of this memorable Man, left behind him four Children, each of whom, for excellent Talents and ſingular Perfections, was as much above the ordinary World, as their Brother *Joſeph* was above them. Were things of this nature to be expos'd to publick View, I could ſhew under the Dean's own Hand, in the warmeſt Terms, his Bleſſing on the Friendſhip between his Son and me; nor had he a Child who did not prefer me in the firſt Place of Kindneſs and Eſteem, as their Father lov'd me like one of them: and I can with great Pleaſure ſay, I never omitted any Opportunity of ſhewing that Zeal for their Perſons and Intereſts as became a Gentleman and a Friend. Were I now to indulge my ſelf, I could talk a great deal to you, which I am ſure would be

be entertaining: but as I am ſpeaking at the ſame time to all the World, I conſider'd 'twould be impertinent: let me then confine my ſelf a while to the following Play, which I at firſt recommended to the Stage, and carried to the Preſs: No one who reads the Preface which I publiſh'd with it, will imagine I could be induced to ſay ſo much as I then did, had I not known the Man I beſt lov'd had had a part in it, or had I believed that any other concern'd had much more to do than as an Amanuenſis.

But indeed had I not known, at the time of the Tranſaction, concerning the Acting on the Stage, and ſale of the Copy, I ſhould, I think, have ſeen Mr. *Addiſon* in every Page of it; for he was above all Men in that Talent we call *Humour*, and enjoy'd it in ſuch Perfection, that I have often reflected, after a Night ſpent with him apart from all the World, that I had had the Pleaſure of converſing with an intimate Acquaintance of *Terence* and *Catullus*, who had all their Wit and Nature heighten'd with Humour, more exquiſite and delightful than any other Man ever poſſeſſed.

They who ſhall read this Play, after being let into the Secret that it was writ by Mr. *Addiſon*, or under his Direction, will probably be attentive to thoſe Excellencies, which they before over-look'd, and wonder they did not till now obſerve, that there is not an Expreſſion in the whole Piece which has not in it the moſt nice Propriety and Aptitude to the Character which utters it; here is that ſmiling Mirth, that delicate Satire, and genteel Raillery which appear'd in Mr. *Addiſon* when he was free among Intimates: I ſay, when he was free from *his remarkable* Baſhfulneſs, which is a Cloke that hides and muffles Merit; and his Abilities were covered only by Modeſty, which doubles the

Beauties

Beauties which are ſeen, and gives Credit and Eſteem to all that are conceal'd.

The *Drummer* made no great Figure on the Stage, tho' exquiſitely well acted; but when I obſerve this, I ſay a much harder thing of the Stage, than of the Comedy. When I ſay the Stage in this place, I am underſtood to mean in general the preſent Taſte of Theatrical Repreſentation, where nothing that is not violent, and, as I may ſay, groſly delightful, can come on without hazard of being condemn'd, or ſlighted. It is here republiſh'd, and recommended as a Cloſet Piece, to recreate an intelligent Mind in a vacant Hour; for vacant the Reader muſt be from every ſtrong Prepoſſeſſion, in order to reliſh an Entertainment (*Quod nequeo monſtrare & ſentio tantum*) which cannot be enjoy'd, to the degree it deſerves, but by thoſe of the moſt polite Taſte among Scholars, the beſt Breeding among Gentlemen, and the leaſt acquainted with ſenſual Pleaſure among the Ladies.

The Editor is pleaſed to relate concerning *Cato*, that a Play under that Deſign was projected by the Author very early, and wholly laid aſide; in advanced Years he reaſſumed the ſame Deſign, and many Years after four Acts were finiſhed, he writ the fifth, and brought it upon the Stage. All the Town knows how officious I was in bringing it on; and you that know the Town, the Theatre and Mankind very well can judge how neceſſary it was to take meaſures for making a Performance of that ſort, excellent as it is, run into popular Applauſe. I promiſed before it was acted, and performed my Duty accordingly to the Author, that I would bring together ſo juſt an Audience on the firſt Days of it, it ſhould be impoſſible for the Vulgar to put its Succeſs or due Applauſe to any hazard; but I don't mention this, only to ſhew how good an *Aid de Camp*

Camp I was to Mr. *Addiſon*, but to ſhew alſo that the Editor does as much to cloud the Merit of this Work as I did to ſet it forth: Mr. *Tickell*'s account of its being taken up, laid down, and at laſt perfected, after ſuch long Intervals and Pauſes, would make any one believe, who did not know Mr. *Addiſon*, that 'twas accompliſhed with the greateſt Pain and Labour, and the iſſue rather of Learning and Induſtry than Capacity and Genius; but I do aſſure you, that never Play, which could bring the Author any Reputation for Wit and Conduct, notwithſtanding it was ſo long before it was finiſhed, employed the Author ſo little a time in writing: if I remember right, the fifth Act was written in leſs than a Week's time; for this was particular in this Writer, that when he had taken his Reſolution, or made his Plan for what he deſigned to write, he would walk about the Room and dictate it into Language with as much freedom and eaſe as any one could write it down, and attend to the Coherence and Grammar of what he dictated. I have been often thus employed by him, and never took it into my Head, tho' he only ſpoke it, and I took all the Pains of throwing it upon Paper, that I ought to call my ſelf the Writer of it. I will put all my Credit among Men of Wit for the Truth of my Averment, when I preſume to ſay, that no one but Mr. *Addiſon* was in any other Way the Writer of the *Drummer*; at the ſame time I will allow, that he ſent for me, which he could always do, from his natural Power over me, as much as he could ſend for any of his Clerks when he was Secretary of State, and told me that a Gentleman then in the Room had written a Play that he was ſure I would like, but it was to be a Secret, and he knew I would take as much Pains, ſince he recommended it, as I would for him. I hope no body will be wronged, or think himſelf

himſelf aggrieved, that I give this rejected Work where I do; and if a certain Gentleman is injured by it, I will allow I have wrong'd him, upon this iſſue, that (if the reputed Tranſlator of the firſt Book of *Homer* ſhall pleaſe to give us another Book) there ſhall appear another good Judge in Poetry, beſides Mr. *Alexander Pope*, who ſhall like it. But I detain you too long upon things that are too perſonal to my ſelf, and will defer giving the World a true Notion of the Character and Talents of Mr. *Addiſon*, till I can ſpeak of that amiable Gentleman on an occaſion void of Controverſy: I ſhall then perhaps ſay many things of him, which will be new even to you, with regard to him in all parts of his Character: for which I was ſo zealous, that I could not be contented with praiſing and adorning him as much as lay in my own Power, but was ever ſolliciting and putting my Friends upon the ſame Office. And ſince the Editor has adorned his heavy Diſcourſe with Proſe in Rhime at the end of it upon Mr. *Addiſon*'s Death, give me leave to atone for this long and tedious Epiſtle, by giving you after it what I dare ſay you will eſteem, an excellent Poem on his Marriage. I muſt conclude without ſatisfying as ſtrong a Deſire as ever Man had of ſaying ſomething remarkably handſome to the Perſon to whom I am writing; for you are ſo good a Judge, that you will find out the Endeavourer to be witty: and therefore as I have tir'd you and my ſelf, I will be contented with aſſuring you, which I do very honeſtly, I had rather have you ſatisfied with me on this Subject, than any other Man living.

You will pleaſe to pardon me, that I have, thus, laid this nice Affair before a Perſon who has the acknowledged Superiority to all others, not only in the moſt excellent Talents, but poſſeſſing them with an Æquanimity, Candour and Benevolence, which

which render thoſe Advantages a Pleaſure as great to the reſt of the World, as they can be to the Owner of them. And ſince Fame conſiſts in the Opinion of wiſe and good Men, you muſt not blame me for taking the readieſt way to baffle an attempt upon my Reputation, by an Addreſs to one whom every wiſe and good Man looks upon with the greateſt Affection and Veneration. I am,

SIR,

Your moſt oblig'd,

moſt obedient and

moſt humble Servant,

Richard Steele.

TO

The Countess of *WARWICK.*

On Her MARRIAGE.

By Mr. WELSTED.

AMbition long has Woman's Heart betray'd,
And Tinsel Grandeur caught th' unwary Maid;
The pompous Stiles, that stride th' admiring Throng,
Have glitter'd in the Eye of Beauty long:
You, Madam, *first the Female Taste improve,*
And give your Fellow-Charmers Laws for Love;
A Pomp you covet, not to Heralds known,
And sigh for Virtues equal to your own;
Part in a Man immortal greatly claim,
And frown on Titles, to ally with Fame:
Not Edward's *Star emboss'd with Silver Rays,*
Can vie in Glory with thy Consort's Bays;
His Country's Pride does Homage to thy Charms,
And every Merit crowds into thy Arms.
While others gain light Conquests by their Eyes,
'Tis thine with Wisdom to subdue the Wise:
To their soft Chains while courtly Beaux submit,
'Tis thine to lead in Triumph captive Wit:

Her

Her ſighing Vaſſals let Clarinda *boaſt,*
Of Lace and languiſhing Cockades the Toaſt;
In Beauty's Pride unenvied let her reign,
And ſhare that wanton Empire with the Vain.
For Thee the Arts of Greece *and* Rome *combine;*
And all the Glories, Cato *gain'd, are thine:*
Still Warwick *in thy boaſted Rank of Life,*
But more illuſtrious, than when Warwick's *Wife.*
Come forth, reveal thy ſelf, thou choſen Bride,
And ſhew great Naſſau's *Poet by thy ſide;*
Thy bright Example ſhall inſtruct the Fair,
And future Nymphs ſhall make Renown their Care;
Embroid'ry leſs ſhall charm the Virgin's Eye,
And kind Coquets, for Plumes, leſs frequent die
Secure ſhall Beauty reign, the Muſe its Guard;
The Muſe ſhall triumph, Beauty its Reward.

PRE-

PREFACE
TO THE
FIRST EDITION.

HAVING recommended this Play to the Town, and delivered the Copy of it to the Bookſeller, I think my ſelf oblig'd to give ſome Account of it.

It had been ſome Years in the Hands of the Author, and falling under my Peruſal, I thought ſo well of it that I perſuaded him to make a few Additions and Alterations to it, and let it appear upon the Stage. I own I was very highly pleaſed with it, and lik'd it the better, for the want of thoſe ſtudied Similes and Repartees, which we, who have writ before him, have thrown into our Plays, to indulge and gain upon a falſe Taſte that has prevail'd for many Years in the *Britiſh* Theatre. I believe the Author would have fallen into this Way a little more than he has, had he, before the writing of it, been often preſent at Theatrical Repreſentations, and obſerv'd the Effect that ſuch Ornaments generally have upon the Town. I was confirmed in my Thoughts of the Play, by the Opinion of better Judges to whom it was Communi-

cated, who obſerved that the Scenes were written very much after *Moliere's* Manner, and that an eaſy and natural Vein of Humour ran through the Whole.

I do not queſtion but the Reader will diſcover this, and ſee many Beauties that eſcape the Audience; the Touches being too delicate for every Taſte in a popular Aſſembly. My Brother-Sharers were of Opinion, at the firſt reading of it, that it was like a Picture in which the Strokes were not ſtrong enough to appear with Advantage at a Diſtance. As it is not in the common way of Writing, the Approbation was at firſt Doubtful, but has riſen every time it has been Acted, and has given an Opportunity in ſeveral of its Parts for as juſt and good Action as ever I ſaw on the Stage.

The Reader will conſider that I ſpeak here as the Patentee, for which Reaſon I forbear being more particular in the Character of this Play, leſt I ſhould appear like one, who cries up the Wares of his own Shop to draw in Cuſtomers.

RICHARD STEELE

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

IN this grave Age, when Comedies are few,
We crave your Patronage for one that's New;
Though 'twere poor Stuff, yet bid the Author fair,
And let the Scarceneſs recommend the Ware.
Long have your Ears been fill'd with Tragick Parts,
Blood and Blank-Verſe have hardened all your Hearts;
If e'er you ſmile, 'tis at ſome party Strokes,
Round-Heads *and* Wooden-Shoes *are ſtanding Jokes;*
The ſame Conceit gives Claps and Hiſſes Birth,
You're grown ſuch Politicians in your Mirth!
For once we try (though 'tis, I own, unſafe)
To pleaſe you all, and make both parties laugh.
Our Author, anxious for his Fame To-night,
And baſhful in his firſt Attempt to write,
Lies cautiouſly obſcure and unreveal'd,
Like ancient Actors in a Maſque conceal'd.
Cenſure when no Man knows who writes the Play,
Were much good Malice mer.ly thrown away.
The mighty Critics will not blaſt, for Shame,
A raw young thing who dares not tell his Name:
Good-natur'd Judges will th' unknown defend,
And fear to blame, leſt they ſhould hurt a Friend.
Each Wit may praiſe it for his own dear Sake,
And hint he wr.t it if the Thing ſhould take.
But, if you're rough and uſe him like a Dog,
Depend upon it————*He'll remain Incog.*
If you ſhould hiſs, he ſwears he'll hiſs as high,
And, like a Culprit, join the Hue-and-Cry.
If cruel Men are ſtill averſe to ſpare
Theſe Scenes, they fly for Refuge to the Fair.
Though with a Ghoſt our Comedy be heighten'd:
Ladies upon my word you ſhan't be frighten'd:
For, 'tis a Ghoſt that ſcorns to be uncivil,
A well-ſpread, luſty, Jointure-hunting Devil:
An am'rous Ghoſt, that's faithful, fond, and true,
Made up of Fleſh and Blood——*as much as you.*
Then ev'ry Evening come in Flocks, undaunted;
We never think this Houſe is too much haunted.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

SIR *George Truman*,	Mr. *Wilks*.
Tinſel,	Mr. *Cibber*.
Fantome, the Drummer,	Mr. *Mills*.
Vellum, Sir *George Truman*'s Steward,	Mr. *Johnſon*.
Butler,	Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Coachman,	Mr. *Miller*.
Gardiner,	Mr. *Norris*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Truman*,	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Abigail,	Mrs. *Saunders*.

THE DRUMMER: OR, THE HAUNTED-HOUSE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Great Hall.

Enter the Butler, Coachman, *and* Gardener.

BUTLER.

THERE came another Coach to Town laſt Night, that brought a Gentleman to enquire about this ſtrange Noiſe we hear in the Houſe. This Spirit will bring a power of Cuſtom to the *George*— If ſo be he continues his Pranks, I deſign to ſell a Pot of Ale, and ſet up the Sign of the Drum.

Coach. I'll give Madam warning, that's flat —— I've always liv'd in ſober Families. I'll not diſparage my ſelf to be a Servant in a Houſe that is haunted.

Gard. I'll e'en marry *Nell*, and rent a Bit of Ground of my own, if both of you leave Madam; not but that Madam's a very good Woman——— if Mrs. *Abigail* did not ſpoil her——— Come, here's her Health.

But. 'Tis a very hard thing to be a Butler in a Houſe, that is diſturb'd. He made ſuch a Racket in the Cellar laſt Night, that I'm afraid he'll ſour all the Beer in my Barrels.

Coach. Why then, *John*, we ought to take it off as faſt as we can. Here's to you—— He rattled ſo loud under the Tiles laſt Night, that I verily thought the Houſe would have fallen over our Heads. I durſt not go up into the Cock-Loft this Morning, if I had not got one of the Maids to go along with me.

Gard. I thought I heard him in one of my Bed-Poſts ——— I marvel, *John*, how he gets into the Houſe when all the Gates are ſhut.

But. Why look ye, *Peter*, your Spirit will creep you into an Augre-Hole: ——— he'll whiſk ye through a Key-Hole, without ſo much as juſtling againſt one of the Wards.

Coach. Poor Madam is mainly frighted, that's certain; and verily believes it is my Maſter that was kill'd in the laſt Campaign.

But. Out of all manner of Queſtion, *Robin*, 'tis Sir *George*. Mrs. *Abigail* is of opinion it can be none but his Honour: He always lov'd the Wars; and you know was mightily pleas'd from a Child with the Muſick of a Drum.

Gard. I wonder his Body was never found after the Battle.

But. Found! Why, ye Fool, is not his Body here about the Houſe? Doſt thou think he can beat his Drum without Hands and Arms?

Coach. 'Tis Maſter as ſure as I ſtand here alive; and I verily believe I ſaw him laſt Night in the Town-Cloſe.

Gard.

Gard. Ay! how did he appear?

Coach. Like a white Horſe.

But. Pho, *Robin*, I tell ye he has never appear'd yet but in the Shape of the Sound of a Drum.

Coach. This makes one almoſt afraid of one's own Shadow. As I was walking from the Stable t'other Night, without my Lanthorn, I fell acroſs a Beam that lay in my Way, and Faith my Heart was in my Mouth—I thought I had ſtumbled over a Spirit.

But. Thou might'ſt as well have ſtumbled over a Straw. Why a Spirit is ſuch a little little Thing, that I have heard a Man, who was a great Scholar, ſay, that he'll dance ye a *Lancaſhire* Hornpipe upon the Point of a Needle——— As I ſat in the Pantry laſt Night counting my Spoons, the Candle methought burnt blue, and the ſpay'd Bitch look'd as if ſhe ſaw ſomething.

Coach. Ay, poor Cur, ſhe's almoſt frighten'd out of her Wits.

Gard. Ay, I warrant ye, ſhe hears him many a Time and often when we don't.

But. My Lady muſt have him Laid, that's certain, whatever it coſt her.

Gard. I fancy, when one goes to Market, one might hear of ſomebody that can make a Spell.

Coach. Why may not the Parſon of our Pariſh lay him?

But. No, no, no; our Parſon cannot lay him.

Coach. Why not he as well as another Man?

But. Why, ye Fool, he is not qualified——— He has not taken the Oaths.

Gard. Why, d'ye think, *John*, that the Spirit would take the Law of him?——— Faith, I could tell you one way to drive him off.

Coach, How's that?

Gard. I'll tell you immediately [*drinks*]———I fancy Mrs. *Abigail* might ſcold him out of the Houſe.

Coach. Ay, ſhe has a Tongue that would drown his Drum, if any Thing could.

But. Pugh, this is all froth; you underſtand nothing of the Matter ——— The next time it makes a Noiſe, I tell you what ought to be done, ——— I would have the Steward ſpeak Latin to it.

Coach. Ay; that would do, if the Steward had but Courage.

Gard. There you have it——— He's a fearful Man. If I had as much Learning as he, and I met the Ghoſt, I'd tell him his own: But alack what can one of us poor Men do with a Spirit, that can neither write nor read?

But. Thou art always cracking and boaſting, *Peter*; thou doſt not know what Miſchief it might do thee, if ſuch a ſilly Dog as thee ſhould offer to ſpeak to it: For ought I know, he might flea thee alive, and make Parchment of thy Skin to cover his Drum with.

Gard. A Fiddleſtick! tell not me——— I fear nothing; not I! I never did harm in my Life; I never committed Murder.

But. I verily believe thee: Keep thy Temper, *Peter*; after Supper we'll drink each of us a double Mug, and then let come what will.

Gard. Why that's well ſaid, *John:* An honeſt Man that is not quite ſober, has nothing to fear——— Here's to ye——— Why how if he ſhould come this Minute, here would I ſtand. Ha! what Noiſe is that?

But. and Coach. Ha! where?

Gard. The Devil! the Devil! Oh no; 'tis Mrs. *Abigail.*

But. Ay, faith! 'tis ſhe; 'tis Mrs. *Abigail!* A good Miſtake! 'tis Mrs. *Abigail.*

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Here are your drunken Sots for you! Is this a time to be guzling, when Gentry are come to the Houſe! Why don't you lay your Cloth? How come you out of the Stables? Why are you not at work in your Garden?

Gard.

Gard. Why, yonder's the fine *Londoner* and Madam fetching a walk together; and me-thought they look'd as if they ſhould ſay they had rather have my Room than my Company.

But. And ſo Forſooth being all three met together, we are doing our Endeavours to drink this ſame Drummer out of our Heads.

Gard. For you muſt know Mrs. *Abigail*, we are all of Opinion that one can't be a Match for him, unleſs one be as Drunk as a Drum.

Coach. I am reſolv'd to give Madam Warning to hire herſelf another Coachman; for I came to ſerve my Maſter, d'ye ſee, while he was alive: But do ſuppoſe that he has no further Occaſion for a Coach, now he Walks.

But. Truly, Mrs *Abigail*, I muſt needs ſay, that this ſame Spirit is a very odd ſort of a Body, after all, to fright Madam and his old Servants at this rate.

Gard. And truly, Mrs. *Abigail*, I muſt needs ſay, I ſerv'd my Maſter contentedly, while he was living; but I will ſerve no Man living (that is, no Man that is not living) without double Wages.

Ab. Ay, 'tis ſuch Cowards as you that go about with idle Stories, to diſgrace the Houſe, and bring ſo many Strangers about it: You firſt frighten your ſelves, and then your Neighbours.

Gard. Frighten'd! I ſcorn your Words: Frighten'd quoth-a!

Ab. What, you Sot, are you grown pot-valiant?

Gard. Frighten'd with a Drum! that's a good one! It will do us no harm, I'll anſwer for it: It will bring no Blood-ſhed along with it, take my Word. It ſounds as like a Train-Band Drum as ever I heard in my Life.

But. Pr'ythee, *Peter*, don't be ſo preſumptuous.

Ab. Well, theſe drunken Rogues take it as I could wiſh. [*Aſide.*

Gard. I ſcorn to be frighten'd, now I am in for't; if

old *Dub-a-dub* ſhould come into the Room, I would take him———

But. Pr'ythee, hold thy Tongue.

Gard. I would take him———

[*The Drum beats: The* Gardener *endeavours to get off, and falls.*

But. and *Coach.* Speak to it, Mrs. *Abigail.*

Gard. Spare my Life, and take all I have.

Coach. Make off, make off, good Butler; and let us go hide our ſelves in the Cellar. [*They all run off.*

Abigail *ſola.*

Ab. So, now the Coaſt is clear, I may venture to call out my Drummer—— But firſt let me ſhut the Door, leſt we be ſurpriz'd. Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome!* [*He beats.*] Nay, nay, pray come out; the Enemy's fled— I muſt ſpeak with you immediately——— Don't ſtay to beat a Parley.

[*The Back Scene opens, and diſcovers* Fantome *with a Drum.*

Fan. Dear Mrs. *Nabby*, I have overheard all that has been ſaid, and find thou haſt manag'd this thing ſo well, that I could take thee in my Arms, and kiſs thee— If my Drum did not ſtand in my Way.

Ab. Well, o' my Conſcience, you are the merrieſt Ghoſt! and the very Picture of Sir *George Truman.*

Fan. There you flatter me, Mrs. *Abigail:* Sir *George* had that Freſhneſs in his Looks, that we Men of the Town cannot come up to.

Ab. Oh! Death may have alter'd you, you know— Beſides, you muſt conſider, you loſt a great deal of Blood in the Battle.

Fan. Ay, that's right: Let me look never ſo pale, this Cut croſs my Forehead will keep me in Countenance.

Ab. 'Tis juſt ſuch a one as my Maſter receiv'd from a curſed *French* Trooper, as my Lady's Letter inform'd her.

Fan. It happens luckily that this Suit of Clothes of Sir *George*'s fits me ſo well———— I think I can't fail hitting the Air of a Man with whom I was ſo long acquainted.

Ab. You are the very Man———— I vow I almoſt ſtart when I look upon you.

Fan. But what Good will this do me, if I muſt remain inviſible?

Ab. Pray what Good did your being viſible do you? The fair Mr. *Fantome* thought no Woman could withſtand him—— But when you were ſeen by my Lady in your proper Perſon, after ſhe had taken a full Survey of you, and heard all the pretty Things you could ſay, ſhe very civilly diſmiſs'd you for the ſake of that empty noiſy Creature *Tinſel*. She fancies you have been gone from hence this Fortnight.

Fan. Why really I love thy Lady ſo well, that though I had no Hopes of gaining her for my ſelf, I could not bear to ſee her given to another, eſpecially to ſuch a Wretch as *Tinſel*.

Ab. Well, tell me truly, Mr. *Fantome*, have not you a great Opinion of my Fidelity to my dear Lady, that I would not ſuffer her to be deluded in this manner for leſs than a thouſand Pound?

Fan. Thou art always reminding me of my Promiſe— Thou ſhalt have it, if thou can'ſt bring our Project to bear: Do'ſt not know that Stories of Ghoſts and Apparitions generally end in a Pot of Money.

Ab. Why truly now, Mr *Fantome*, I ſhould think my ſelf a very bad Woman, if I had done what I do for a Farthing leſs.

Fan. Dear *Abigail*, how I admire thy Virtue!

Ab. No, no, Mr. *Fantome*, I defy the worſt of my Enemies to ſay I love Miſchief for Miſchief's ſake.

Fan But is the Lady perſuaded that I'm the Ghoſt of her deceaſed Huſband.

Ab. I endeavour to make her believe ſo; and tell her every Time your Drum rattles, that her Huſband is chiding her for entertaining this new Lover.

Fan. Pr'ythee make uſe of all thy Art; for I'm tir'd to Death with ſtrolling round this wide old Houſe, like a Rat behind the Wainſcot.

Ab. Did not I tell you, 'twas the pureſt Place in the World for you to play your Tricks in? There's none of the Family that knows every Hole and Corner in it, beſides my ſelf.

Fan. Ah, Mrs. *Abigail!* you have had your Intrigues—

Ab. For you muſt know when I was a romping young Girl, I was a mighty Lover of *Hide and Seek.*

Fan. I believe, by this time, I am as well acquainted with the Houſe as your ſelf.

Ab. You are very much miſtaken, Mr. *Fantome:* But no matter for that; here is to be your Station To-night. This Place is unknown to any one living beſides my ſelf, ſince the Death of the Joyner, who, you muſt underſtand, being a Lover of mine, contriv'd the Wainſcot to move to and fro, in the manner that you find it. I deſign'd it for a Wardrobe for my Lady's caſt Clothes. Oh! the Stomachers, Stays, Petticoats, Commodes, lac'd Shoes, and good Things that I have had in it! —— Pray take care you don't break the Cherry-Brandy Bottle that ſtands up in the Corner.

Fan. Well, Mrs. *Abigail,* I hire your Cloſet of you but for this one Night— A thouſand Pound, you know, is a very good Rent.

Ab. Well, get you gone: You have ſuch a Way with you, there's no denying you any thing!

Fan. I'm a thinking how *Tinſel* will ſtare, when he ſees me come out of the Wall; for I am reſolv'd to make my Appearance To-night.

Ab. Get you in, get you in, my Lady's at the Door.

Fan. Pray take care ſhe does not keep me up ſo late as ſhe

ſhe did laſt Night, or depend upon it I'll beat the Tattoo.

Ab. I'm undone, I'm undone——— [*As he is going in.*] Mr. *Fantome.* Mr. *Fantome*, have you put the thouſand Pound Bond into my Brother's Hands?

Fan. Thou ſhalt have it; I tell thee thou ſhalt have it.

Fantome *goes in.*

Ab. No more Words——— Vaniſh, vaniſh.

Enter Lady.

Ab. [*Opening the Door.*] Oh dear Madam, was it you that made ſuch a knocking? My Heart does ſo beat—— I vow you have frighted me to Death——I thought verily it had been the Drummer.

Lady. I have been ſhowing the Garden to Mr. *Tinſel:* He's moſt inſufferably witty upon us about this Story of the Drum.

Ab. Indeed, Madam, he's a very looſe Man: I'm afraid 'tis he that hinders my poor Maſter from reſting in his Grave.

Lady. Well, an *Infidel* is ſuch a Novelty in the Country, that I am reſolv'd to divert my ſelf a Day or two at leaſt with the Oddneſs of his Converſation.

Ab. Ah, Madam! the Drum began to beat in the Houſe as ſoon as ever this Creature was admitted to viſit you. All the while Mr. *Fantome* made his Addreſſes to you, there was not a Mouſe ſtirring in the Family more than us'd to be———

Lady. This Baggage has ſome Deſign upon me, more than I can yet diſcover. [*Aſide.*]—— Mr. *Fantome* was always thy Favourite.

Ab. Ay, and ſhould have been yours too, by my Conſent! Mr. *Fantome* was not ſuch a ſlight fantaſtick Thing as this is—— Mr. *Fantome* was the beſt-built Man one ſhould ſee in a Summer's Day! Mr. *Fantome* was a Man of Honour, and lov'd you. Poor Soul, how has he ſigh'd when he has talk'd to me of my hard-hearted

Lady

Lady——Well! I had as lief as a thouſand Pound, you would marry Mr. *Fantome*.

Lady. To tell thee truly, I lov'd him well enough till I found he lov'd me ſo much. But Mr. *Tinſel* makes his Court to me with ſo much Neglect and Indifference, and with ſuch an agreeable Saucineſs—— Not that I ſay I'll marry him.

Ab. Marry him, quoth-a! No, if you ſhould, you'll be awaken'd ſooner than married Couples generally are—You'll quickly have a Drum at your Window.

Lady. I'll hide my Contempt of *Tinſel* for once, if it be but to ſee what this Wench drives at. [*Aſide.*

Ab. Why, ſuppoſe your Husband, after this fair Warning he has given you, ſhould ſound you an Alarm at Midnight; then open your Curtains with a Face as pale as my Apron, and cry out with a hollow Voice, What doſt thou do in Bed with this ſpindle-ſhank'd Fellow?

Lady. Why wilt thou needs have it to be my Husband? He never had any reaſon to be offended at me. I always lov'd him while he was living; and ſhould prefer him to any Man, were he ſo ſtill. Mr. *Tinſel* is indeed very idle in his Talk; but, I fancy, *Abigail*, a diſcreet Woman might reform him.

Ab. That's a likely Matter indeed! Did you ever hear of a Woman who had Power over a Man when ſhe was his Wife, that had none while ſhe was his Miſtreſs? Oh! there's nothing in the World improves a Man in his Complaiſance, like Marriage!

Lady. He is, indeed, at preſent, too familiar in his Converſation.

Ab. Familiar! Madam; in troth he's downright rude.

Lady. But that, you know, *Abigail*, ſhews he has no Diſſimulation in him—— Then he is apt to jeſt a little too much upon grave Subjects.

Ab. Grave Subjects! he jeſts upon the Church.

Lady. But that, you know, *Abigail*, may be only to

ſhew

ſhew his Wit——— Then it muſt be own'd, he's extremely talkative.

Ab. Talkative, d'ye call it! he's downright impertinent.

Lady. But that, you know, *Abigail*, is a Sign he has been us'd to good Company———Then indeed he is very poſitive.

Ab. Poſitive! why he contradicts you in every thing you ſay.

Lady. But then, you know, *Abigail*, he has been educated at the Inns of Court.

Ab. A bleſſed Education indeed! it has made him forget his Catechiſm!

Lady. You talk as if you hated him.

Ab. You talk as if you lov'd him.

Lady. Hold your Tongue; here he comes.

Enter Tinſel.

Tin. My dear Widow!

Ab. My dear Widow! marry come up! [*Aſide.*

Lady. Let him alone, *Abigail*; ſo long as he does not call me My dear Wife, there's no Harm done.

Tin. I have been moſt ridiculouſly diverted ſince I left you———Your Servants have made a Convert of my Booby: His Head is ſo fill'd with this fooliſh Story of a Drummer, that I expect the Rogue will be afraid hereafter to go upon a Meſſage by Moon-light.

Lady. Ah, Mr. *Tinſel*, what a Loſs of Billet-doux would that be to many a fine Lady!

Ab. Then you ſtill believe this to be a fooliſh Story? I thought my Lady had told you, that ſhe had heard it herſelf.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Why, you wou'd not perſuade us out of our Senſes?

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. There's Manners for you, Madam. [*Aſide.*

Lady. Admirably rally'd! that Laugh is unanſwerable! Now I'll be hang'd if you could forbear being witty upon

on me, if I ſhould tell you I heard it no longer ago than laſt Night.

Tin. Fancy!

Lady. But what if I ſhould tell you my Maid was with me!

Tin. Vapours! Vapours! Pray, my dear Widow, will you anſwer me one Queſtion?——Had you ever this Noiſe of a Drum in your Head, all the while your Husband was living?

Lady. And pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, well you let me ask you another Queſtion? Do you think we can Hear in the Country, as well as you do in Town?

Tin. Believe me, Madam, I could preſcribe you a Cure for theſe Imaginations.

Ab. Don't tell my Lady of Imaginations, Sir, I have heard it my ſelf.

Tin. Hark thee, Child---art thou not an old Maid?

Ab. Sir, if I am, it is my own Fault.

Tin. Whims! Freaks! Megrims! indeed Mrs. *Abigail.*

Ab. Marry, Sir, by your Talk one wou'd believe you thought every thing that was good is a Megrim.

Lady. Why truly I don't very well underſtand what you meant by your Doctrine to me in the Garden juſt now, that every thing we ſaw was made by Chance.

Ab. A very pretty Subject indeed for a Lover to divert his Miſtreſs with.

Lady. But I ſuppoſe that was only a Taſte of the Converſation you would entertain me with after Marriage.

Tin. Oh, I ſhall then have time to read you ſuch Lectures of Motions, Atoms, and Nature—that you ſhall learn to think as freely as the beſt of us, and be convinced in leſs than a Month, that all about us is Chance-work.

Lady. You are a very complaiſant Perſon indeed; and ſo you would make your Court to me, by perſuading me that I was made by Chance!

Tin. Ha, ha, ha! well ſaid, my Dear! why, faith, thou wert a very lucky Hit, that's certain!

Lady.

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinſel,* where did you learn this odd way of Talking?

Tin. Ah, Widow, 'tis your Country Innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.

Lady. Tho' you give no Credit to Stories of Apparitions, I hope you believe there are ſuch things as Spirits!

Tin. Simplicity!

Ab. I fancy you don't believe Women have Souls, d'ye Sir?

Tin. Fooliſh enough!

Lady. I vow, Mr. *Tinſel,* I'm afraid malicious People will ſay I'm in love with an Atheiſt.

Tin. Oh, my Dear, that's an old-faſhion'd Word—— I'm a Free-thinker, Child!

Ab. I'm ſure you are a Free-ſpeaker!

Lady. Really, Mr. *Tinſel,* conſidering that you are ſo fine a Gentleman, I'm amaz'd where you got all this Learning! I wonder it has not ſpoil'd your Breeding.

Tin. To tell you the Truth, I have not time to look into theſe dry Matters my ſelf, but I am convinc'd by four or five learned Men, whom I ſometimes over-hear at a Coffee-houſe I frequent, that our Forefathers were a Pack of Aſſes, that the World has been in an Error for ſome Thouſands of Years, and that all the People upon Earth, except thoſe two or three worthy Gentlemen, are impos'd upon, cheated, bubbled, abus'd, bamboozl'd——

Ab. Madam, how can you hear ſuch a Profligate? he talks like the *London* Prodigal.

Lady. Why really, I'm a thinking, if there be no ſuch things as Spirits, a Woman has no Occaſion for marrying ——She need not be afraid to lie by her ſelf.

Tin. Ah! my Dear! are Husbands good for nothing but to frighten away Spirits? Doſt thou think I could not inſtruct thee in ſeveral other Comforts of Matrimony?

Lady. Ah! but you are a Man of ſo much Knowledge, that you would always be laughing at my Ignorance —— You learned Men are ſo apt to deſpiſe one!

Tin.

Tin. No, Child! I'd teach thee my Principles, thou ſhould'ſt be as wiſe as I am—in a Week's time.

Lady. Do you think your Principles wou'd make a Woman the better Wife?

Tin. Pr'ythee, Widow, don't be queer.

Lady. I love a gay Temper, but I would not have you rally things that are ſerious.

Tin. Well enough faith! where's the Jeſt of rallying any thing elſe?

Ab. Ah, Madam, did you ever hear Mr. *Fantome* talk at this Rate? [*Aſide.*

Tin. But where's this Ghoſt! this Son of a Whore of a Drummer? I'd fain hear him methinks.

Ab. Pray, Madam, don't ſuffer him to give the Ghoſt ſuch ill Language, eſpecially when you have Reaſon to believe it is my Maſter.

Tin. That's well enough faith, *Nab*; doſt think thy Maſter is ſo unreaſonable, as to continue his Claim to his Relict after his Bones are laid? Pray, Widow, remember the Words of your Contract, you have fulfill'd them to a Tittle———Did not you marry Sir *George* to the Tune of *'till Death us do part?*

Lady. I muſt not hear Sir *George*'s Memory treated in ſo ſlight a Manner—This Fellow muſt have been at ſome Pains to make himſelf ſuch a finiſh'd Coxcomb. [*Aſide.*

Tin. Give me but Poſſeſſion of your Perſon, and I'll whirl you up to Town for a Winter, and cure you at once. Oh! I have known many a Country Lady come to *London* with frightful Stories of the Hall-Houſe being haunted, of Fairies, Spirits, and Witches; that by the time ſhe had ſeen a Comedy, play'd at an Aſſembly, and ambled in a Ball or two, has been ſo little afraid of Bug-bears, that ſhe has ventur'd home in a Chair at all Hours of the Night.

Ab. Hum—Sauce-box. [*Aſide.*

Tin. 'Tis the Solitude of the Country that creates theſe Whimſies; there was never ſuch a thing as a Ghoſt heard

of

of at *London*, except in the Play-houſe—Oh we'd paſs all our time in *London*. 'Tis the Scene of Pleaſure and Diverſions, where there's ſomething to amuſe you every Hour of the Day. Life's not Life in the Country.

Lady. Well then, you have an Opportunity of ſhowing the Sincerity of that Love to me which you profeſs. You may give a Proof that you have an Affection to my Perſon, not my Jointure.

Tin. Your Jointure! How can you think me ſuch a Dog! But, Child, won't your Jointure be the ſame thing in *London* as in the Country?

Lady. No, you're deceiv'd! You muſt know it is ſettled on me by Marriage Articles, on Condition that I live in this old Manſion Houſe, and keep it up in Repair.

Tin. How!

Ab. That's well put, Madam.

Tin. Why faith I have been looking upon this Houſe, and think it is the prettieſt Habitation I ever ſaw in my Life.

Lady. Ay, but then this cruel Drum!

Tin. Something ſo venerable in it!

Lady. Ay, but the Drum!

Tin. For my part, I like this *Gothick* Way of Building better than any of your new Orders — it would be a thouſand Pities it ſhould fall to Ruin.

Lady. Ay, but the Drum!

Tin. How pleaſantly we two could paſs our Time in this delicious Situation. Our Lives wou'd be a continued Dream of Happineſs. Come, faith, Widow, let's go upon the Leads, and take a View of the Country.

Lady. Ay, but the Drum! the Drum!

Tin. My Dear, take my Word for't 'tis all Fancy: Beſides, ſhould he drum in thy very Bed-Chamber, I ſhou'd only hug thee the cloſer.

Claſp'd in the Folds of Love, I'd meet my Doom,
And act my Joys, tho' Thunder ſhook the Room.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *opens, and discovers* Vellum *in his Office, and a Letter in his Hand.*

Vel. THIS Letter astonisheth; may I believe my own Eyes—or rather my Spectacles——*To* Humphrey Vellum *Esq; Steward to the Lady* Truman.

Vellum,

I *Doubt not but you will be glad to hear your Master is alive, and designs to be with you in half an Hour. The Report of my being slain in the* Netherlands, *has, I find, produced some Disorders in my Family. I am now at the* George-Inn: *If an old Man with a grey Beard, in a black Cloke, enquires after you, give him Admittance. He passes for a Conjurer, but is really*

Your Faithful Friend,

G. Truman.

P. S. *Let this be a Secret, and you shall find your Account in it.*

This amazeth me! and yet the Reasons why I should believe he is still living, are manifold— First, because this has often been the Case of other Military Adventurers.

Secondly, because the News of his Death was first publish'd in *Dier's Letter*.

Thirdly, because this Letter can be written by none but himself— I know his Hand, and manner of Spelling.

Fourthly——

Enter

Enter Butler.

But. Sir, here's a ſtrange old Gentleman that aſks for you; he ſays he's a Conjurer, but he looks very ſuſpicious; I wiſh he ben't a Jeſuit.

Vel. Admit him immediately.

But. I wiſh he ben't a Jeſuit; but he ſays he's nothing but a Conjurer.

Vel. He ſays right——He is no more than a Conjurer. Bring him in and withdraw. [*Exit* Butler.

And Fourthly, As I was ſaying, Becauſe——

Enter Butler *with Sir* George.

But. Sir, here is the Conjurer——What a deviliſh long Beard he has! I warrant it has been growing theſe hundred Years. [*Aſide. Exit.*

Sir G. Dear *Vellum*, you have receiv'd my Letter: But before we proceed, lock the Door.

Vel. It is his Voice. [*Shuts the Door.*

Sir G. In the next Place, help me off with this cumberſome Cloke.

Vel. It is his Shape.

Sir G. So, now lay my Beard upon the Table.

Vel. [*After having look'd on Sir* Geo. *thro' his Spectacles.*] It is his Face, every Lineament!

Sir G. Well now, I have put off the Conjurer and the old Man, I can talk to thee more at my Eaſe.

Vel. Believe me, my good Maſter, I am as much rejoic'd to ſee you alive, as I was upon the Day you were born. Your Name was, in all the News-Papers, in the Liſt of thoſe that were ſlain.

Sir G. We have not Time to be particular. I ſhall only tell thee in general, that I was taken Priſoner in the Battle, and was under cloſe Confinement for ſeveral Months. Upon my Releaſe, I was reſolv'd to ſurprize my Wife with the News of my being alive. I know, *Vellum*, you are a Perſon of ſo much Penetration, that I need not uſe any further Arguments to convince you that I am ſo.

Vel.

Vel. I am——and moreover I queſtion not but your good Lady will likewiſe be convinc'd of it. Her Ho-nour is a diſcerning Lady.

Sir G. I'm only afraid ſhe ſhould be convinc'd of it to her Sorrow. Is not ſhe pleas'd with her imaginary Widowhood? Tell me truly, was ſhe afflicted at the Report of my Death?

Vel. Sorely.

Sir G. How long did her Grief laſt?

Vel. Longer than I have known any Widow's——at leaſt three Days.

Sir G. Three Days, ſay'ſt thou? Three whole Days? I'm afraid thou flattereſt me!——O Woman! Woman!

Vel. Grief is twofold.

Sir G. This Blockhead is as methodical as ever—but I know he's honeſt. [*Aſide.*

Vel. There is a real Grief, and there is a methodical Grief; ſhe was drown'd in Tears till ſuch time as the Taylor had made her Widow's Weeds---Indeed they became her.

Sir G. Became her! and was that her Comfort? Truly a moſt ſeaſonable Conſolation!

Vel. But I muſt needs ſay ſhe paid a due regard to your Memory, and could not forbear weeping when ſhe ſaw Company.

Sir G. That was kind indeed! I find ſhe griev'd with a great deal of good Breeding. But how comes this Gang of Lovers about her?

Vel. Her Jointure is conſiderable.

Sir G. How this Fool torments me? [*Aſide.*

Vel. Her Perſon is amiable——

Sir G. Death! [*Aſide.*

Vel. But her Character is unblemiſh'd. She has been as virtuous in your Abſence as a *Penelope*——

Sir G. And has had as many Suitors.

Vel. Several have made their Overtures.

Sir G.

Sir G. Several!

Vel. But she has rejected all.

Sir G. There thou reviv'st me: But what means this---*Tinsel?* Are his Visits acceptable?

Vel. He is young.

Sir G. Does she listen to him?

Vel. He is gay.

Sir G. Sure she could never entertain a Thought of marrying such a Coxcomb!

Vel. He is not ill made.

Sir G. Are the Vows and Protestations that past between us come to this! I can't bear the Thought of it! Is *Tinsel* the Man design'd for my worthy Successor?

Vel. You do not consider that you have been dead these fourteen Months——

Sir G. Was there ever such a Dog? [*Aside.*

Vel. And I have often heard her say, that she must never expect to find a second Sir *George Truman*----meaning your Ho---nour.

Sir G. I think she lov'd me; but I must search into this Story of the *Drummer* before I discover my self to her. I have put on this Habit of a Conjurer, in order to introduce my self. It must be your Business to recommend me as a most profound Person, that by my great Knowledge in the curious Arts can silence the *Drummer*, and dispossess the House.

Vel. I am going to lay my Accounts before my Lady, and I will endeavour to prevail upon her Ho--nour to admit the Trial of your Art.

Sir G. I have scarce heard of any of these Stories that did not arise from a Love-Intrigue——Amours raise as many Ghosts as Murders.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* endeavours to persuade us, that 'tis your Ho--nour who troubles the House.

Sir G. That convinces me 'tis a Cheat; for I think, *Vellum*, I may be pretty well assur'd it is not me.

Vel.

Vel. I am apt to think ſo truly. Ha--ha--ha!

Sir. G. *Abigail* had always an Aſcendant over her Lady, and if there is a Trick in this Matter, depend upon it ſhe is at the Bottom of it. I'll be hang'd if this Ghoſt be not one of *Abigail*'s Familiars.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* has of late been very myſterious.

Sir G. I fancy, *Vellum*, thou could'ſt worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an Amour between you.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* hath her Allurements, and ſhe knows I have pick'd up a Competency in your Ho-nour's Service.

Sir G. If thou haſt, all I ask of thee in return is, that thou would'ſt immediately renew thy Addreſſes to her, Coax her up. Thou haſt ſuch a ſilver Tongue, *Vellum*, as 'twill be impoſſible for her to withſtand. Beſides, ſhe is ſo very a Woman, that ſhe'll like thee the better for giving her the Pleaſure of telling a Secret. In ſhort, wheedle her out of it, and I ſhall act by the Advice which thou giveſt me.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* was never deaf to me, when I talked upon that Subject, I will take an Opportunity of addreſſing my ſelf to her in the moſt pathetick Manner.

Sir G. In the mean time lock me up in your Office, and bring me word what Succeſs you have----Well, ſure I am the firſt that ever was employ'd to lay himſelf.

Vel. You act indeed a threefold Part in this Houſe; you are a Ghoſt, a Conjurer, and my Ho--nour'd Maſter Sir *George Truman*; he, he, he! You will pardon me for being jocular.

Sir G. O, Mr. *Vellum*, with all my Heart. You know I love you Men of Wit and Humour. Be as merry as thou pleaſeſt, ſo thou do'ſt thy Buſineſs [*Mimicking him.*] You will remember, *Vellum*, your Commiſſion is two-fold, firſt to gain Admiſſion for me to your Lady, and ſecondly to get the Secret out of *Abigail*.

Vel. It ſufficeth.

The SCENE *ſhuts.*

Enter Lady ſola.

Lady. Women who have been happy in a firſt Marriage,

are the moſt apt to venture upon a ſecond. But for my part, I had a Huſband ſo every way ſuited to my Inclinations, that I muſt entirely forget him, before I can like another Man. I have now been a Widow but fourteen Months, and have had twice as many Lovers, all of 'em profeſt Admirers of my Perſon, but paſſionately in love with my Jointure. I think it is a Revenge I owe my Sex to make an Example of this worthleſs Tribe of Fellows, who grow impudent, dreſs themſelves fine, and fancy we are oblig'd to provide for 'em. But of all my Captives, Mr. *Tinſel* is the moſt extraordinary in his kind. I hope the Diverſion I give my ſelf with him is unblameable. I'm ſure 'tis neceſſary to turn my Thoughts off from the Memory of that dear Man, who has been the greateſt Happineſs and Affliction of my Life. My Heart would be a Prey to Melancholy, if I did not find theſe innocent Methods of relieving it. But here comes *Abigail*. I muſt teaze the Baggage, for I find ſhe has taken it into her Head that I am entirely at her Diſpoſal.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Madam! Madam! yonder's Mr. *Tinſel* has as good as taken Poſſeſſion of your Houſe. Marry, he ſays, he muſt have Sir *George*'s Apartment enlarg'd; for truly, ſays he, I hate to be ſtraiten'd. Nay, he was ſo impudent as to ſhew me the Chamber where he intends to conſummate, as he calls it.

Lady. Well! he's a wild Fellow.

Ab. Indeed he's a very ſad Man, Madam.

Lady. He's young, *Abigail*, 'tis a thouſand pities he ſhould be loſt; I ſhould be mighty glad to reform him.

Ab. Reform him! marry hang him!

Lady. Has not he a great deal of Life?

Ab. Ay, enough to make your Heart ake.

Lady. I dare ſay thou think'ſt him a very agreeable Fellow.

Ab. He thinks himſelf ſo, I'll anſwer for him.

Lady. He's very good-natur'd!

Ab. He ought to be ſo, for he's very ſilly.

Lady. Doſt thou think he loves me?

Ab. Mr. *Fantome* did, I am ſure.

Lady. With what Raptures he talk'd!

Ab. Yes, but 'twas in Praiſe of your Jointure-Houſe.

Lady. He has kept bad Company.

Ab. They muſt be very bad indeed, if they were worſe than himſelf.

Lady. I have a ſtrong Fancy a good Woman might reform him.

Ab. It wou'd be a fine Experiment, if it ſhou'd not ſucceed.

Lady. Well, *Abigail*, we'll talk of that another time; here comes the Steward, I have no further Occaſion for you at preſent. [*Exit* Abigail.

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Madam, is your Ho--nour at Leiſure to look into the Accounts of the laſt Week? They riſe very high—Houſe-keeping is chargeable in a Houſe that is haunted.

Lady. How comes that to paſs? I hope the Drum neither eats nor drinks! But read your Account, *Vellum.*

Vel. [*putting on and off his Spectacles in this Scene*] A Hogſhead and a half of Ale--- it is not for the Ghoſt's drinking--- But your Ho--nour's Servants ſay they muſt have ſomething to keep up their Courage againſt this ſtrange Noiſe. They tell me they expect a double Quantity of Malt in their Small Beer ſo long as the Houſe continues in this Condition.

Lady. At this rate they'll take care to be frighten'd all the Year round, I'll anſwer for 'em. But go on.

Vel. Item, Two Sheep, and a-- Where is the Ox?-- Oh here I have him--- and an Ox-- Your Ho--nour muſt always have a piece of cold Beef in the Houſe for the Entertainment of ſo many Strangers, who come from all Parts to hear this Drum. *Item,* Bread, ten Peck Loaves

The

They cannot eat Beef without Bread.--*Item*, three Barrels of Table-Beer-- They muſt have Drink with their Meat.

Lady. Sure no Woman in *England* has a Steward that makes ſuch ingenious Comments on his Works. [*Aſide.*

Vel. Item, to Mr. *Tinſel*'s Servants five Bottles of Port Wine— It was by your Ho--nour's Order---- *Item*, three Bottles of Sack for the Uſe of Mrs. *Abigail.*

Lady. I ſuppoſe that was by your own Order.

Vel. We have been long Friends, we are your Honour's Ancient Servants, Sack is an innocent Cordial, and gives her Spirit to chide the Servants, when they are tardy in their Buſineſs; he, he, he! pardon me for being Jocular.

Lady. Well, I ſee you'll come together at laſt.

Vel. Item, a dozen Pound of Watch-lights for the Uſe of the Servants.

Lady. For the Uſe of the Servants! What are the Rogues afraid of ſleeping in the Dark? What an unfortunate Woman am I! This is ſuch a particular Diſtreſs, it puts me to my Wits End. *Vellum*, what wou'd you adviſe me to do?

Vel. Madam, your Ho--nour has two Points to conſider. *Imprimis*, To retrench theſe extravagant Expences, which ſo many Strangers bring upon you. —*Secondly*, To clear the Houſe of this inviſible Drummer.

Lady. This learned Diviſion leaves me juſt as wiſe as I was. But how muſt we bring theſe two Points to bear?

Vel. I beſeech your Ho--nour to give me the hearing.

Lady. I do. But pr'ythee take pity on me, and be not tedious.

Vel. I will be conciſe. There is a certain Perſon arrived this Morning, an aged Man of a venerable Aſpect, and of a long hoary Beard, that reacheth down to his Girdle. The common People call him a Wizard, a White-Witch, a Conjurer, a Cunning-Man, a Necromancer, a———

Lady. No matter for his Titles. But what of all this?

Vel. Give me the hearing, good my Lady! he pretends

to great Skill in the occult Sciences, and is come hither upon the Rumour of this *Drum*. If one may believe him, he knows the Secret of laying Ghoſts, or of quieting Houſes that are haunted.

Lady. Pho, theſe are idle Stories to amuſe the Country People, this can do us no good.

Vel. It can do us no harm, my Lady.

Lady. I dare ſay thou doſt not believe there is any thing in it thy ſelf.

Vel. I cannot ſay, I do; there is no Danger however in the Experiment. Let him try his Skill; if it ſhou'd ſucceed, we are rid of the Drum; if it ſhou'd not, we may tell the World that it has, and by that means at leaſt get out of this expenſive way of living; ſo that it muſt turn to your Advantage one way or another.

Lady. I think you argue very rightly. But where is the Man? I would fain ſee him. He muſt be a Curioſity.

Vel. I have already diſcours'd him, and he is to be with me, in my Office, half an Hour hence. He aſks nothing for his Pains, 'till he has done his Work;--no Cure, no Money.

Lady. That Circumſtance, I muſt confeſs, wou'd make one believe there is more in his Art than one would imagine. Pray, *Vellum*, go and fetch him hither immediately.

Vel. I am gone. He ſhall be forth-coming forthwith.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter Butler, Coachman, *and* Gardener.

But. Rare News, my Lads, rare News!

Gard. What's the Matter? haſt thou got any more Vales for us?

But. No, 'tis better than that.

Coach. Is there another Stranger come to the Houſe?

But. Ay, ſuch a Stranger as will make all our Lives eaſy.

Gard. What! is he a Lord?

But. A Lord! No, nothing like it, ---He's a Conjurer.

Coach. A Conjurer! what, is he come a wooing to my Lady?

Coach.

But. No, no, you Fool, he's come a purpoſe to lay the Spirit.

Coach. Ay marry that's good News indeed; But where is he?

But. He is lock'd up with the Steward in his Office, they are laying their Heads together very cloſe. I fancy they are caſting a Figure.

Gard. Pr'ythee, *John*, what ſort of a Creature is a Conjurer?

But. Why he's made much as other Men are, if it was not for his long gray Beard.

Coach. Look ye, *Peter*, it ſtands with reaſon, that a Conjurer ſhould have a long gray Beard -- for did ye ever know a Witch that was not an old Woman?

Gard. Why I remember a Conjurer once at a Fair, that to my thinking was a very Smock-fac'd Man, and yet he ſpew'd out fifty Yards of green Ferret. I fancy, *John*, if thou'dſt get him into the Pantry and give him a Cup of Ale, he'd ſhew us a few Tricks. Doſt thou think we cou'd not perſuade him to ſwallow one of thy Caſe-Knives for his Diverſion? He'll certainly bring it up again.

But. Peter! thou art ſuch a Wiſe-acre! Thou doſt not know the Difference between a Conjurer and a Jugler. This Man muſt be a very great Maſter of his Trade. His Beard is at leaſt half a Yard long, he's dreſſed in a ſtrange dark Cloke, as black as a Coal: your Conjurer always goes in Mourning.

Gard. Is he a Gentleman? had he a Sword by his Side?

But. No, no, he's too grave a Man for that, a Conjurer is as grave as a Judge, ——— but he had a long white Wand in his Hand.

Coach. You may be ſure there's a good deal of Virtue in that Wand ——— I fancy 'tis made out of Witch Elm.

Gard. I warrant you if the Ghoſt appears, he'll whiſk ye that Wand before his Eyes, and ſtrike you the Drumſtick out of his Hand.

But.

But. No: the Wand, look ye, is to make a Circle, and if he once gets the Ghoſt in a Circle, then he has him —let him get out again if he can. A Circle, you muſt know, is a Conjurer's Trap.

Coach. But what will he do with him, when he has him there?

But. Why then he'll overpower him with his Learning.

Gard. If he can once compaſs him, and get him in Lobs-Pound, he'll make nothing of him, but ſpeak a few hard Words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good Behaviour, for a thouſand Years.

Coach. Ay, ay, he'll ſend him packing to his Grave again with a Flea in his Ear, I warrant him.

But. No, no, I wou'd adviſe Madam to ſpare no Coſt. If the Conjurer be but well paid, he'll take Pains upon the Ghoſt, and lay him, look ye, in the Red Sea —— and then he's laid for ever.

Coach. Ay marry, that would ſpoil his Drum for him.

Gard. Why, *John*, there muſt be a power of Spirits in that ſame Red Sea —— I warrant ye they are as plenty as Fiſh.

Coach. Well, I wiſh after all that he may not be too hard for the Conjurer; I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of Work on't.

Gard. I wiſh the Spirit may not carry a Corner of the Houſe off with him.

But. As for that, *Peter*, you may be ſure that the Steward has made his Bargain with the Cunning-Man beforehand, that he ſhall ſtand to all Coſts, and Damages —But hark! yonder's Mrs. *Abigail*, we ſhall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

Gard. Ay Lads! if we could get Mrs. *Abigail* well laid too —— we ſhould lead merry Lives.

For to a Man like me that's Stout and Bold,
A Ghoſt is not ſo dreadful as a Scold.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *opens, and diſcovers Sir* George *in* Vellum's *Office.*

Sir. G. I Wonder I don't hear of *Vellum* yet. But I know his Wiſdom will do nothing raſhly. The Fellow has been ſo us'd to Form in Buſineſs, that it has infected his whole Converſation. But I muſt not find Fault with that punctual and exact Behaviour which has been of ſo much Uſe to me; my Eſtate is the better for it.

Enter Vellum.

Well, *Vellum*, I'm impatient to hear your Succeſs.

Vel. Firſt, let me lock the Door.

Sir G. Will your Lady admit me?

Vel. If this Lock is not mended ſoon, it will be quite ſpoiled.

Sir G. Pr'ythee let the Lock alone at preſent, and anſwer me.

Vel. Delays in Buſineſs are dangerous——I muſt ſend for the Smith next Week——and in the mean time will take a Minute of it.

Sir G. But what ſays your Lady?

Vel. This Pen is naught, and wants mending——My Lady, did you ſay?

Sir G. Does ſhe admit me?

Vel. I have gained Admiſſion for you as a Conjurer.

Sir G. That's enough! I'll gain Admiſſion for my ſelf as a Husband. Does ſhe believe there's any thing in my Art?

Vel. It is hard to know what a Woman believes.

Sir G. Did ſhe ask no Queſtions about me?

Vel. Sundry.——She deſires to talk with you her ſelf, before you enter upon your Buſineſs.

Sir G. But when?

Vel. Immediately. This Inſtant.

Sir G. Pugh. What haſt thou been doing all this while? Why didſt not tell me ſo? Give me my Cloke——Have you yet met with *Abigail?*

Vel. I have not yet had an Opportunity of talking with her. But we have interchanged ſome languiſhing Glances.

Sir G. Let thee alone for that, *Vellum.* I have formerly ſeen thee ogle her through thy Spectacles. Well! This is a moſt Venerable Cloke. After the Buſineſs of this Day is over, I'll make thee a Preſent of it. 'Twill become thee mightily.

Vel. He, he, he! wou'd you make a Conjurer of your Steward?

Sir G. Pr'ythee don't be Jocular, I'm in haſte. Help me on with my Beard.

Vel. And what will your Ho--nour do with your caſt Beard?

Sir G. Why, faith, thy Gravity wants only ſuch a Beard to it: if thou would'ſt wear it with the Cloke, thou would'ſt make a moſt compleat Heathen Philoſopher. But where's my Wand?

Vel. A fine taper Stick! It is well choſen. I will keep this till you are Sheriff of the County. It is not my Cuſtom to let any thing be loſt.

Sir G. Come, *Vellum,* lead the way. You muſt introduce me to your Lady. Thou'rt the fitteſt Fellow in the World to be Maſter of the Ceremonies to a Conjurer.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Abigail *croſſing the Stage.* Tinſel *following.*

Tin. Nabby, Nabby, whither ſo faſt, Child?

Ab. Keep your Hands to your ſelf. I'm going to call the Steward to my Lady.

Tin.

Tin. What, Goodman *Two-fold?* I met him walking with a ſtrange old Fellow yonder. I ſuppoſe he belongs to the Family too. He looks very antique. He muſt be ſome of the Furniture of this old Manſion-Houſe.

Ab. What does the Man mean? Don't think to palm me, as you do my Lady.

Tin. Pry'thee, *Nabby*, tell me one thing; What's the reaſon thou art my Enemy?

Ab. Marry, becauſe I'm a Friend to my Lady.

Tin. Doſt thou ſee any thing about me thou doſt not like? Come hither, Huſſy, give me a Kiſs. Don't be ill-natur'd.

Ab. Sir, I know how to be civil. [*Kiſſes her.*]—This Rogue will carry off my Lady, if I don't take care [*Aſide.*

Tin. Thy Lips are as ſoft as Velvet, *Abigail.* I muſt get thee a Husband.

Ab. Ay, now you don't ſpeak idly, I can talk to you.

Tin. I have one in my Eye for thee. Doſt thou love a young luſty Son of a Whore?

Ab. Lud, how you talk!

Tin. This is a thundering Dog.

Ab. What is he?

Tin. A private Gentleman.

Ab. Ay! where does he live!

Tin. In the Horſe-Guards——But he has one Fault I muſt tell thee of. If thou canſt bear with that, he's a Man for thy Purpoſe.

Ab. Pray Mr. *Tinſel*, what may that be?

Tin. He's but five and twenty Years Old.

Ab. 'Tis no matter for his Age, if he has been well-educated.

Tin. No Man better, Child; he'll tie a Wig, toſs a Die, make a Paſs, and ſwear with ſuch a Grace, as wou'd make thy Heart leap to hear him.

Ab. Half theſe Accompliſhments will do, provided he has an Eſtate——Pray what has he?

Tin. Not a Farthing.

Ab. Pax on him, what do I give him the hearing for! [*Aſide.*

Tin. But as for that I wou'd make it up to him.

Ab. How?

Tin. Why look ye, Child, as ſoon as I have married thy Lady, I deſign to diſcard this old Prig of a Steward, and to put this honeſt Gentleman, I am ſpeaking of, into his Place.

Ab. [*Aſide.*] This Fellow's a Fool——I'll have no more to ſay to him.——Hark! my Lady's a coming!

Tin. Depend upon it, *Nab*, I'll remember my Promiſe.

Ab. Ay, and ſo will I too——to your Coſt. [*Aſide.*

Exit Abigail.

Tin. My Dear is purely fitted up with a Maid——But I ſhall rid the Houſe of her.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Oh, Mr. *Tinſel*, I am glad to meet you here. I am going to give you an Entertainment, that won't be diſagreeable to a Man of Wit and Pleaſure of the Town--There may be ſomething diverting in a Converſation between a Conjurer, and this conceited Aſs. [*Aſide.*

Tin. She loves me too Diſtraction, I ſee that. [*Aſide.*]--Pr'ythee, Widow, explain thy ſelf.

Lady. You muſt know here is a ſtrange ſort of a Man come to Town, who undertakes to free the Houſe from this Diſturbance. The Steward believes him a Conjurer.

Tin. Ay; thy Steward is a deep one!

Lady. He's to be here immediately. It is indeed an odd Figure of a Man.

Tin. Oh! I warrant you he has ſtudy'd the Black Art! Ha, ha, ha! Is not it an *Oxford* Scholar?——Widow, thy Houſe is the moſt extraordinarily inhabited of any Widow's this Day in Chriſtendom.——I think thy four chief Domeſticks are---a wither'd *Abigail*——a ſuperannuated Steward——a Ghoſt——and a Conjurer.

Lady.

Lady. [*Mimicking* Tinſel.] And you wou'd have it inhabited by a Fifth, who is a more extraordinary Perſon than any of theſe Four.

Tin. 'Tis a ſure Sign a Woman loves you, when ſhe imitates your Manner. [*Aſide.*]——Thou'rt very ſmart, my Dear. But ſee! ſmoke the Doctor.

Enter Vellum, *and Sir* George *in his Conjurer's Habit.*

Vel. I will introduce this profound Perſon to your Ladyſhip, and then leave him with you——Sir, this is her Ho--nour.

Sir G. I know it well. [*Exit* Vellum.

[*Aſide, walking in a muſing Poſture.*] That dear Woman! The Sight of her unmans me. I cou'd weep for Tenderneſs, did not I, at the ſame time, feel an Indignation riſe in me, to ſee that Wretch with her: And yet I cannot but ſmile to ſee her in the Company of her firſt and ſecond Husband at the ſame time.

Lady. Mr. *Tinſel* do You ſpeak to him; you are us'd to the Company of Men of Learning.

Tin. Old Gentleman, thou doſt not look like an Inhabitant of this World; I ſuppoſe thou art lately come down from the Stars. Pray, what News is ſtirring in the *Zodiack?*

Sir G. News that ought to make the Heart of a Coward tremble. *Mars* is now entring into the firſt Houſe, and will ſhortly appear in all his Domal Dignities——

Tin. Mars? Pr'ythee, Father Gray-beard, explain thy ſelf.

Sir G. The Entrance of *Mars* into his Houſe, portends the Entrance of a Maſter into this Family——and that ſoon.

Tin. D'ye hear that, Widow? The Stars have cut me out for thy Husband. This Houſe is to have a Maſter, and that ſoon——Hark thee, old *Gadbury*; Is not *Mars* very like a young Fellow call'd *Tom Tinſel?*

Sir G. Not ſo much as *Venus* is like this Lady.

Tin. A Word in your Ear, Doctor; theſe two Planets will be in Conjunction by and by; I can tell you that.

Sir G. [*Aſide, walking diſturb'd.*] Curſe on this impertinent Fop! I ſhall ſcarce forbear diſcovering my ſelf ——— Madam, I am told that your Houſe is viſited with ſtrange Noiſes.

Lady. And I am told that you can quiet them. I muſt confeſs I had a Curioſity to ſee the Perſon I had heard ſo much of; and, indeed, your Aſpect ſhows that you have had much Experience in the World. You muſt be a very aged Man.

Sir G. My Aſpect deceives you; What do you think is my real Age?

Tin. I ſhou'd gueſs thee within three Years of *Methuſalah.* Pr'ythee tell me, Waſt not thou born before the Flood?

Lady. Truly I ſhou'd gueſs you to be in your ſecond or third Century. I warrant you, you have Great Grand-Children with Beards a Foot long.

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! If there be Truth in Man, I was but five and thirty laſt *Auguſt.* O! the Study of the Occult Sciences makes a Man's Beard grow faſter than you wou'd imagine.

Lady. What an Eſcape you have had, Mr. *Tinſel,* that you were not bred a Scholar!

Tin. And ſo I fancy, Doctor, thou think'ſt me an illiterate Fellow, becauſe I have a ſmooth Chin?

Sir G. Hark ye, Sir, a Word in your Ear. You are a Coxcomb, by all the Rules of Phyſiognomy: But let that be a Secret between you and me. [*Aſide to* Tinſel.

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinſel,* what is it the Doctor whiſpers?

Tin. Only a Compliment, Child, upon two or three of my Features. It does not become me to repeat it.

Lady. Pray, Doctor, examine this Gentleman's Face, and tell me his Fortune.

Sir G. If I may believe the Lines of his Face, he likes it better than I do, or---than you do, fair Lady. *Tin.*

Tin. Widow, I hope now thou'rt convinc'd he's a Cheat.

Lady. For my part I believe he's a Witch--go on, Doctor.

Sir G. He will be croſs'd in Love; and that ſoon.

Tin. Pr'ythee, Doctor, tell us the Truth. Doſt not thou live in *Moor-Fields?*

Sir G. Take my Word for it, thou ſhalt never live in my Lady *Truman*'s Manſion-Houſe.

Tin. Pray, old Gentleman, haſt thou never been pluck'd by the Beard when thou wert ſaucy?

Lady. Nay, Mr. *Tinſel*, you are angry! do you think I wou'd marry a Man that dares not have his Fortune told?

Sir G. Let him be angry——I matter not——He is but ſhort-liv'd. He will ſoon die of——

Tin. Come, come, ſpeak out, old *Hocus*, he, he, he! This Fellow makes me burſt with Laughing.

[*Forces a Laugh.*

Sir G. He will ſoon die of a Fright——or of the ——let me ſee your Noſe——Ay——'tis ſo!

Tin. You Son of a Whore! I'll run ye thro' the Body- I never yet made the Sun ſhine thro' a Conjurer——

Lady. Oh, fy; Mr. *Tinſel!* you will not kill an old Man?

Tin. An old Man! The Dog ſays he's but Five and thirty.

Lady. Oh, fy; Mr. *Tinſel*, I did not think you could have been ſo paſſionate, I hate a paſſionate Man. Put up your Sword, or I muſt never ſee you again.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha! I was but in jeſt, my Dear. I had a mind to have made an Experiment upon the Doctor's Body. I would but have drill'd a little Eyelet hole in it, and have ſeen whether he had Art enough to cloſe it up again.

Sir G. Courage is but ill-ſhown before a Lady. But know, if ever I meet thee again, thou ſhalt find this Arm can wield other Weapons beſides this Wand.

Tin. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Well, learned Sir, you are to give a Proof of

your Art, not of your Courage. Or if you will ſhow your Courage, let it be at Nine a Clock——for that is the time the Noiſe is generally heard.

Tin. And look ye, old Gentleman, if thou doſt not do thy Buſineſs well, I can tell thee by the little Skill I have, that thou wilt be toſs'd in a Blanket before Ten. We'll do our Endeavour to ſend thee back to the Stars again.

Sir G. I'll go and prepare my ſelf for the Ceremonies--. And, Lady, as you expect they ſhou'd ſucceed to your Wiſhes, treat that Fellow with the Contempt he deſerves. *Exit Sir* George.

Tin. The ſaucieſt Dog I ever talk'd with in my whole Life!

Lady. Methinks he's a diverting Fellow; one may ſee he's no Fool.

Tin. No Fool! Ay but thou doſt not take him for a Conjurer.

Lady. Truly I don't know what to take him for; I am reſolved to employ him however. When a Sickneſs is deſperate, we often try Remedies that we have no great Faith in.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Madam, the Tea is ready in the Parlour as you ordered.

Lady. Come, Mr. *Tinſel*, we may there talk of the Subject more at leiſure. [*Exeunt* Lady *and* Tinſel.

Abigail ſola.

Sure never any Lady had ſuch Servants as mine has! Well, if I get this Thouſand Pound, I hope to have ſome of my own. Let me ſee, I'll have a pretty tight Girl—juſt ſuch as I was ten Years ago (I'm afraid I may ſay twenty) ſhe ſhall dreſs me and flatter me——for I will be flatter'd that's poz! My Lady's caſt Suits will ſerve her after I have given them the wearing. Beſides, when I am worth a Thouſand Pound, I ſhall certainly carry off the Steward----Madam *Vellum*----how prettily that will ſound

ſound! here, bring out Madam *Vellum*'s Chaiſe——Nay I do not know but it may be a Chariot——It will break the Attorney's Wife's Heart——for I ſhall take place of every Body in the Pariſh but my Lady. If I have a Son, he ſhall be call'd *Fantome*. But ſee Mr. *Vellum*, as I could wiſh. I know his Humour, and will do my utmoſt to gain his Heart.

Enter Vellum *with a Pint of Sack.*

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail*, don't I break in upon you unſeaſonably!

Ab. Oh, no, Mr. *Vellum*, your Viſits are always ſeaſonable.

Vel. I have brought with me a Taſte of freſh Canary, which I think is delicious.

Ab. Pray ſet it down——I have a Dram-Glaſs juſt by—— [*Brings in a Rummer.* I'll pledge you; my Lady's good Health.

Vel. And your own with it——ſweet Mrs. *Abigail.*

Ab. Pray, good Mr. *Vellum*, buy me a little Parcel of this Sack, and put it under the Article of Tea——I would not have my Name appear to it.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail*, your Name ſeldom appears in my Bills——and yet——if you will allow me a merry Expreſſion—— You have been always in my Books, Mrs. *Abigail.* Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Vellum*, you are ſuch a dry jeſting Man!

Vel. Why, truly, Mrs. *Abigail*, I have been looking over my Papers——and I find you have been a long time my Debtor.

Ab. Your Debtor! For what, Mr. *Vellum?*

Vel. For my Heart, Mrs. *Abigail*—And our Accounts will not be balanc'd between us till I have yours in Exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! You are the moſt gallant Dun, Mr. *Vellum.*

Vel.

Vel. But I am not us'd to be paid by Words only, Mrs. *Abigail*; when will you be out of my Debt?

Ab. Oh, Mr. *Vellum*, you make one bluſh——My humble Service to you.

Vel. I muſt anſwer you, Mrs. *Abigail*, in the Country Phraſe——*Your Love is ſufficient*. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I muſt own I love a merry Man!

Vel. Let me ſee, how long is it, Mrs. *Abigail*, ſince I firſt broke my Mind to you——It was, I think, *Undecimo Gulielmi*——We have convers'd together theſe fifteen Years——and yet, Mrs. *Abigail*, I muſt drink to our better Acquaintance. He, he, he——Mrs. *Abigail*, you know I am naturally jocoſe.

Ab. Ah, you Men love to make Sport with us ſilly Creatures.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail*, I have a Trifle about me, which I would willingly make you a Preſent of. It is indeed but a little Toy.

Ab. You are always exceedingly obliging.

Vel. It is but a little Toy——ſcarce worth your Acceptance.

Ab. Pray don't keep me in Suſpence; what is it, Mr. *Vellum?*

Vel. A Silver Thimble.

Ab. I always ſaid Mr. *Vellum* was a generous Lover.

Vel. But I muſt put it on my ſelf, Mrs. *Abigail*——You have the prettieſt Tip of a Finger——I muſt take the Freedom to ſalute it.

Ab. Oh fy! you make me aſham'd, Mr. *Vellum*; how can you do ſo? I proteſt I am in ſuch a Confuſion——

[*A feign'd Struggle*

Vel. This Finger is not the Finger of Idleneſs; it bears the honourable Scars of the Needle ----But why are you ſo cruel as not to pare your Nails?

Ab. Oh, I vow you preſs it ſo hard! pray give me my Finger again.

Vel.

Vel. This Middle Finger, Mrs. *Abigail*, has a pretty Neighbour——A Wedding Ring wou'd become it mightily——He, he, he.

Ab. You're ſo full of your Jokes. Ay, but where muſt I find one for it?

Vel. I deſign this Thimble only as the Forerunner of it, they will ſet off each other, and are——indeed a twofold Emblem. The firſt will put you in mind of being a good Houſewife, and the other of being a good Wife. Ha, ha, ha!

Ab. Yes, yes, I ſee you laugh at me.

Vel. Indeed I am ſerious.

Ab. I thought you had quite forſaken me——I am ſure you cannot forget the many repeated Vows and Promiſes you formerly made me.

Vel. I ſhould as ſoon forget the Multiplication Table.

Ab. I have always taken your Part before my Lady.

Vel. You have ſo, and I have *Item'd* it in my Memory.

Ab. For I have always look'd upon your Intereſt as my own.

Vel. It is nothing but your Cruelty can hinder them from being ſo.

Ab. I muſt ſtrike while the Iron's hot. [*Aſide.*]——Well, Mr. *Vellum*, there is no refuſing you, you have ſuch a bewitching Tongue!

Vel. How? Speak that again!

Ab. Why then in plain *Engliſh* I love you.

Vel. I am overjoy'd!

Ab. I muſt own my Paſſion for you.

Vel. I'm Tranſported! [*Catching her in his Arms.*

Ab. Dear Charming Man!

Vel. Thou Sum Total of all my Happineſs! I ſhall grow Extravagant! I can't forbear!-----to drink thy virtuous Inclinations in a Bumper of Sack. Your Lady muſt take haſte, my Duck, or we ſhall provide a young Steward to the Eſtate, before ſhe has an Heir to it-----

'pr'ythee,

pr'ythee, my Dear, does ſhe intend to Marry Mr. *Tinſel*?

Ab. Marry him! my Love: No, no! we muſt take care of that! there wou'd be no ſtaying in the Houſe for us if ſhe did. That young Rake-hell wou'd ſend all the old Servants a Grazing. You and I ſhou'd be diſcarded before the Honey Moon was at an End.

Vel. Pr'ythee, ſweet One, does not this Drum put the Thoughts of Marriage out of her Head?

Ab. This Drum, my Dear, if it be well manag'd, will be no leſs than a Thouſand Pound in our way.

Vel. Ay, ſay'ſt thou ſo, my Turtle?

Ab. Since we are now as good as Man and Wife----- I mean, almoſt as good as Man and Wife——I ought to conceal nothing from you.

Vel. Certainly, my Dove, not from thy Yoke-fellow thy Help-Mate, thy own Fleſh and Blood!

Ab. Huſh! I hear Mr. *Tinſel*'s Laugh; my Lady and he are a coming this way; if you will take a turn without I'll tell you the whole Contrivance.

Vel. Give me your Hand, Chicken.

Ab. Here take it, you have my Heart already.

Vel. We ſhall have much Iſſue. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Vellum *and* Butler.

Vel. JOHN, I have certain Orders to give you---and therefore be attentive.

But. Attentive! Ay, let me alone for that.---I ſuppoſe he means being ſober. [*Aſide.*

Vel. You know I have always recommended to you a Metho

Method in your Buſineſs, I would have your Knives and Forks, your Spoons and Napkins, your Plate and Glaſſes laid in a Method.

But. Ah, Maſter *Vellum*, you are ſuch a ſweet-ſpoken Man, it does one's Heart good to receive your Orders.

Vel. Method, *John*, makes Buſineſs eaſy, it baniſhes all Perplexity and Confuſion out of Families.

But. How he talks! I cou'd hear him all Day.

Vel. And now, *John*, let me know whether your Table-linen, your Side-Board, your Cellar, and every thing elſe within your Province, are proper and methodically diſpos'd for an Entertainment this Evening.

But. Maſter *Vellum*, they ſhall be ready at a quarter of an Hour's Warning. But pray, Sir, is this Entertainment to be made for the Conjurer?

Vel. It is, *John*, for the Conjurer, and yet it is not for the Conjurer?

But. Why, look you Maſter *Vellum*, if it is for the Conjurer, the Cook-maid ſhou'd have Orders to get him ſome Diſhes to his Palate. Perhaps he may like a little Brimſtone in his Sauce.

Vel. This Conjurer, *John*, is a complicated Creature, an Amphibious Animal, a Perſon of a two-fold Nature--But he eats and drinks like other Men.

But. Marry, Maſter *Vellum*, he ſhou'd eat and drink as much as two other Men, by the account you give of him.

Vel. Thy Conceit is not amiſs, he is indeed a double Man, ha, ha, ha!

But. Ha! I underſtand you, He's one of your Hermaphrodites, as they call 'em.

Vel. He is married, and he is not married——He hath a Beard, and he hath no Beard. He is Old, and he is Young.

But. How charmingly he talks! I fancy, Maſter *Vellum*, you could make a Riddle. The ſame Man old and young! How do you make that out, Maſter *Vellum*?

Vel.

Vel. Thou haſt heard of a Snake caſting his Skin, and recovering his Youth. Such is this ſage Perſon.

But. Nay 'tis no wonder a Conjurer ſhou'd be like a Serpent.

Vel. When he has thrown away the old Conjurer's Slough that hangs about him, he'll come out as fine a young Gentleman as ever was ſeen in this Houſe.

But. Does he intend to ſup in his Slough?

Vel. That Time will ſhow.

But. Well, I have not a Head for theſe things. Indeed, Mr. *Vellum*, I have not underſtood one Word you have ſaid this half Hour.

Vel. I did not intend thou ſhould'ſt——But to our Buſineſs-----Let there be a Table ſpread in the Great-Hall. Let your Pots and Glaſſes be waſh'd, and in a Readineſs. Bid the Cook provide a plentiful Supper, and ſee that all the Servants be in their beſt Liveries.

But. Ay! now I underſtand every Word you ſay. But I wou'd rather hear you talk a little in that t'other Way.

Vel. I ſhall explain to thee what I have ſaid by and by--Bid *Suſan* lay two Pillows upon your Lady's Bed.

But. Two Pillows! Madam won't ſleep upon 'em both! She is not a double Woman too?

Vel. She will ſleep upon neither. But hark, Mrs. *Abigail*, I think I hear her chiding the Cook-maid.

But. Then I'll away, or it will be my Turn next; She, I am ſure, ſpeaks plain *Engliſh*, one may eaſily underſtand every Word She ſays. *Exit* Butler.

Vellum *ſolus.*

Vel. Servants are good for nothing, unleſs they have a Opinion of the Perſon's Underſtanding who has the Di rection of them.——But ſee Mrs. *Abigail!* ſhe has a be witching Countenance, I wiſh I may not be tempted t marry her in good Earneſt.

Enter Abigail.

Ab. Ha! Mr. *Vellum*.

Ve

Vel. What brings my Sweet one hither?

Ab. I am coming to ſpeak to my Friend behind the Wainſcot. It is fit, Child, he ſhould have an Account of his Conjurer, that he may not be ſurpriz'd.

Vel. That wou'd be as much as thy Thouſand Pound is worth.

Ab. I'll ſpeak low——Walls have Ears.

[*Pointing at the Wainſcot.*

Vel. But hark you, Ducklin! be ſure you don't tell him that I am let into the Secret.

Ab. That's a good one indeed! as if I ſhould ever tell what paſſes between you and me.

Vel. No, no, my Child, that muſt not be! he, he, he! that muſt not be; he, he, he!

Ab. You will always be waggiſh.

Vel. Adieu, and let me hear the Reſult of your Conference.

Ab. How can you leave One ſo ſoon? I ſhall think an Age 'till I ſee you again.

Vel. Adieu, my pretty One.

Ab. Adieu, ſweet Mr. *Vellum.*

Vel. My pretty One—— [*As he is going off.*

Ab. Dear Mr. *Vellum!*

Vel. My pretty One! [*Exit* Vellum.

Abigail *ſola.*

Ab. I have him--if I can but get this Thouſand Pound.

ant. *gives three Raps upon his Drum behind the Wainſcot.*

Ab. Ha. Three Raps upon the Drum! the Signal *Fantome* and I agreed upon, when he had a mind ſpeak with me. [Fantome *raps again.*

Ab. Very well, I hear you; come, Fox, come out of Hole.

SCENE *opens, and* Fantome *comes out.*

Ab. You may leave your Drum in the Ward-robe, you have Occaſion for it.

an. Well, Mrs. *Abigail*, I want to hear what's a do- in the World.

Ab.

Ab. You are a very inquiſitive Spirit. But I muſt tell you, if you do not take care of your ſelf, you will be Laid this Evening.

Fan. I have over-heard ſomething of that Matter. But let me alone for the Doctor——I'll engage to give a good Account of Him. I am more in Pain about *Tinſel*. When a Lady's in the Caſe, I'm more afraid of one Fop than twenty Conjurers.

Ab. To tell you truly, he preſſes his Attacks with ſo much Impudence, that he has made more Progreſs with my Lady in two Days, than you did in two Months.

Fan. I ſhall attack her in anothe manner, if thou canſt but procure me another Interview. There's nothing makes a Lover ſo keen, as being kept up in the Dark.

Ab. Pray no more of your diſtant Bows, your reſpectful Compliments——Really, Mr. *Fantome*, you're only fit to make love a-croſs a Tea-Table.

Fan. My dear Girl, I can't forbear hugging thee for thy good Advice.

Ab. Ay, now I have ſome Hopes of you; but why don't you do ſo to my Lady?

Fan. Child, I always thought your Lady lov'd to be treated with Reſpect.

Ab. Believe me, Mr. *Fantome*, there is not ſo great a Difference between Woman and Woman, as you imagine. You ſee *Tinſel* has nothing but his Saucineſs to recommend him.

Fan. *Tinſel* is too great a Coxcomb to be capable of Love——And let me tell thee, *Abigail*, a Man, who is ſincere in his Paſſion, makes but a very aukward Profeſſion of it——But I'll mend my Manners.

Ab. Ay, or you'll never gain a Widow——Come, I muſt tutor you a little; ſuppoſe me to be my Lady, and let me ſee how you'll behave your ſelf.

Fan. I'm afraid, Child, we han't time for ſuch a piece of Mummery.

Ab. Oh, it will be quickly over, if you play your Part well.

Fan. Why then, dear Mrs. *Ab*——I mean, my Lady *Truman*.

Ab. Ay! but you han't ſaluted me.

Fan. That's right; Faith I forgot that Circumſtance. [*Kiſſes her.*] *Nectar* and *Ambroſia!*

Ab. That's very well——

Fan. How long muſt I be condemn'd to languiſh! when ſhall my Sufferings have an end! My Life, my Happineſs, my all is wound up in you——

Ab. Well! why don't you ſqueeze my Hand?

Fan. What, thus?

Ab. Thus? Ay——Now throw your Arm about my Middle: Hug me cloſer.——You are not afraid of hurting me! Now pour forth a Volley of Rapture and Nonſenſe, till you are out of Breath.

Fan. Tranſport and Ecſtacy! where am I!—my Life, my Bliſs!——I rage, I burn, I bleed, I die.

Ab. Go on, go on.

Fan. Flames and Darts——Bear me to the gloomy Shade, Rocks, and Grottoes——Flowers, *Zephyrs*, and purling Streams.

Ab. Oh! Mr. *Fantome*, you have a Tongue wou'd undo a Veſtal! You were born for the Ruin of our Sex.

Fan. This will do then, *Abigail?*

Ab. Ay, this is talking like a Lover. Tho' I only repreſent my Lady I take a Pleaſure in hearing you. Well, o' my Conſcience when a Man of Senſe has a little Daſh of the Coxcomb in him, no Woman can reſiſt him. Go on at this rate, and the thouſand Pound is as good as in my Pocket.

Fan. I ſhall think it an Age till I have an Opportunity of putting this Leſſon in Practice.

Ab. You may do it ſoon, if you make good uſe of your

Time; Mr. *Tinſel* will be here with my Lady at Eight, and at Nine the Conjurer is to take you in Hand.

Fan. Let me alone with both of them.

Ab. Well! fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd. Get into your Box, and I'll endeavour to diſpoſe every thing in your Favour. Fantome *goes in. Exit Abigail.*

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* is withdrawn.——I was in hopes to have heard what paſs'd between her and her inviſible Correſpondent.

Enter Tinſel.

Tin. Vellum! Vellum!

Vel. [*Aſide.*] *Vellum!* We are methinks very familiar; I am not us'd to be call'd ſo by any but their Ho--nour——What wou'd you, Mr. *Tinſel?*

Tin. Let me beg a Favour of thee, old Gentleman.

Vel. What is that, good Sir?

Tin. Pr'ythee run and fetch me the Rent-Roll of thy Lady's Eſtate.

Vel. The Rent-Roll?

Tin. The Rent-Roll? Ay, the Rent-Roll! Doſt not underſtand what that means?

Vel. Why, have you Thoughts of purchaſing it!

Tin. Thou haſt hit it, old Boy; that is my very Intention.

Vel. The Purchaſe will be conſiderable.

Tin. And for that Reaſon I have bid thy Lady very high——She is to have no leſs for it than this entire Perſon of mine.

Vel. Is your whole Eſtate Perſonal, Mr. *Tinſel*—he, he, he!

Tin. Why, you queer old Dog, you don't pretend to jeſt, d'ye? Look ye, *Vellum*, if you think of being continued my Steward, you muſt learn to walk with your Toes out.

Vel. [*Aſide.*] An inſolent Companion!

Tin.

Tin. Thou'rt confounded rich, I ſee, by that Dangling of thy Arms.

Vel. [*Aſide.*] An ungracious Bird!

Tin. Thou ſhalt lend me a couple of Thouſand Pounds.

Vel. [*Aſide.*] A very Profligate!

Tin. Look ye, *Vellum*, I intend to be kind to you---- I'll borrow ſome Money of you.

Vel. I cannot but ſmile to conſider the Diſappointment this young Fellow will meet with; I will make my ſelf merry with him. [*Aſide.*] And ſo, Mr. *Tinſel*, you promiſe you will be a very kind Maſter to me.

[*Stifling a Laugh.*

Tin. What will you give for a Life in the Houſe you live in?

Vel. What do you think of Five Hundred Pounds?-- Ha, ha, ha!

Tin. That's too little.

Vel. And yet is more than I ſhall give you----And I will offer you two Reaſons for it.

Tin. Pr'ythee what are they?

Vel. Firſt, becauſe the Tenement is not in your Diſpoſal; and, Secondly, becauſe it never will be in your Diſpoſal, and ſo fare you well, good Mr. *Tinſel*. Ha, ha, ha! You will pardon me for being jocular.

[*Exit* Vellum.

Tin. This Rogue is as ſaucy as the Conjurer: I'll be hang'd if they are not a-kin.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Mr. *Tinſel!* what, all alone? You Free-thinkers are great Admirers of Solitude.

Tin. No faith, I have been talking with thy Steward; a very groteſque Figure of a Fellow, the very Picture of ----- How can you bear his Conver-

Tin. Yes, yes, he looks like a Put---a queer old Dog, as ever I ſaw in my Life: We muſt turn him off, Widow, He cheats thee confoundedly, I ſee that.

Lady. Indeed you're miſtaken; he has always had the Reputation of being a very honeſt Man.

Tin. What! I ſuppoſe he goes to Church.

Lady. Goes to Church! ſo do you too, I hope.

Tin. I would for once, Widow, to make ſure of you.

Lady. Ah, Mr. *Tinſel*, a Huſband who would not continue to go thither, would quickly forget the Promiſes he made there.

Tin. Faith, very innocent, and very ridiculous! Well then, I warrant thee, Widow, thou wouldſt not for the World marry a Sabbath-breaker!

Lady. Truly they generally come to a bad End. I remember the Conjurer told you, you were ſhort-liv'd.

Tin. The Conjurer! Ha, ha, ha!

Lady. Indeed you're very witty!

Tin. Indeed you're very handſome. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Lady. I wiſh the Fool does not love me! [*Aſide.*

Tin. Thou art the Idol I adore: Here muſt I pay my Devotion———Pr'ythee, Widow, haſt thou any Timber upon thy Eſtate?

Lady. The moſt impudent Fellow I ever met with. [*Aſide.*

Tin. I take notice thou haſt a great deal of old Plate here in the Houſe, Widow.

Lady. Mr. *Tinſel*, you are a very obſerving Man.

Tin. Thy large Silver Ciſtern would make a very good Coach; and half a Dozen Salvers that I ſaw on the Side-board, might be turn'd into ſix as pretty Horſes as any that appear in the Ring.

Lady. You have a very co-

Lady. I perceive you are an excellent Manager—How quickly you have taken an Inventory of my Goods!

Tin. Now, hark ye, Widow, to ſhew you the Love that I have for you———

Lady. Very well; let me hear.

Tin. You have an old-faſhion'd Gold Caudle Cup, with a Figure of a Saint upon the Lid on't.

Lady. I have: What then?

Tin. Why look ye, I'd ſell the Caudle Cup with the old Saint for as much Money as they'd fetch, which I would convert into a Diamond Buckle, and make you a Preſent of it.

Lady. Oh you are generous to an Extravagance. But, pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, don't diſpoſe of my Goods before you are ſure of my Perſon. I find you have taken a great Affection to my Moveables.

Tin. My Dear, I love every thing that belongs to you.

Lady. I ſee you do, Sir; you need not make any Proteſtations upon that Subject.

Tin. Pho, pho, my Dear, we are growing ſerious; and let me tell you that's the very next ſtep to being dull. Come, that pretty Face was never made to look grave with.

Lady. Believe me, Sir, whatever you think, Marriage is a ſerious Subject.

Tin. For that very Reaſon, my Dear, let us run over it as faſt as we can.

Lady. I ſhould be very much in haſte for a Huſband, if I married within fourteen Months after Sir *George*'s Deceaſe.

Tin. Pray, my Dear, let me ask you a Queſtion; Do'ſt not thou think that Sir *George* is as dead at preſent, to all Intents and Purpoſes, as he will be a Twelvemonth hence?

Lady. Yes; but Decency! Mr. *Tinſel*.———

Tin. Or doſt thou think thou'lt be more a Widow then, than thou art now?

Lady. The World would ſay I never lov'd my firſt Huſband.

Tin. Ah, my Dear, they would ſay you lov'd your Second; and they would own I deſerv'd it, for I ſhall love thee moſt inordinately.

Lady. But what would People think?

Tin. Think! why they would think thee the Mirror of Widowhood—That a Woman ſhould live fourteen whole Months after the Deceaſe of her Spouſe, without having engag'd her ſelf. Why, about Town, we know many a Woman of Quality's Second Huſband, ſeveral Years before the Death of the Firſt.

Lady. Ay, I know you Wits have your common-place Jeſts upon us poor Widows.

Tin. I'll tell you a Story, Widow; I know a certain Lady, who, conſidering the Crazineſs of her Huſband, had, in caſe of Mortality, engag'd her ſelf to two young Fellows of my Acquaintance. They grew ſuch deſperate Rivals for her, while her Huſband was alive, that one of them pink'd the other in a Duel. But the good Lady was no ſooner a Widow, but what did my Dowager do? Why, faith, being a Woman of Honour, ſhe married a Third, to whom, it ſeems, ſhe had given her firſt Promiſe.

Lady. And this is a true Story upon your own Knowledge?

Tin. Every Tittle, as I hope to be married, or never believe *Tom Tinſel.*

Lady. Pray, Mr. *Tinſel,* do you call this talking like a Wit, or like a Rake?

Tin. Innocent enough, he, he, he! Why, where's the Difference, my Dear?

Lady. Yes, Mr. *Tinſel,* the only Man I ever lov'd in my Life, had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the other in him.

Tin. Nay now you grow vapouriſh; thou'lt begin to fancy thou hear'ſt the Drum by and by.

Lady. If you had been here laſt Night about this time, you would not have been ſo merry.

Tin. About this time, ſay'ſt thou! Come, faith, for Humour's ſake, we'll ſit down and liſten.

Lady. I will, if you'll promiſe to be ſerious.

Tin. Serious! never fear me, Child. Ha, ha, ha! Doſt not hear him?

Lady. You break your Word already. Pray, Mr. *Tinſel*, do you laugh to ſhew your Wit or your Teeth?

Tin. Why both, my Dear — I'm glad, however, that ſhe has taken notice of my Teeth. [*Aſide.*] But you look ſerious, Child; I fancy thou hear'ſt the Drum, doſt not?

Lady. Don't talk ſo raſhly.

Tin. Why, my Dear, you could not look more frighted if you had *Lucifer*'s Drum-major in your Houſe.

Lady. Mr. *Tinſel*, I muſt deſire to ſee you no more in it, if you do not leave this idle Way of Talking.

Tin. Child, I thought I had told you what is my Opinion of Spirits, as we were drinking a Diſh of Tea but juſt now —— There is no ſuch thing, I give thee my Word.

Lady. Oh, Mr. *Tinſel*, your Authority muſt be of great Weight to thoſe that know you.

Tin. For my part, Child, I have made my ſelf eaſy in thoſe Points.

Lady. Sure nothing was ever like this Fellow's Vanity, but his Ignorance. [*Aſide.*

Tin. I'll tell thee what now, Widow —— I would engage by the help of a white Sheet and a Penny-worth of Link in a dark Night, to frighten you a whole Country Village out of their Senſes, and the Vicar into the bargain. [*Drum beats.*] Hark! hark!

what Noiſe is that! Heaven defend us! This is more than Fancy.

Lady. It beats more terrible than ever.

Tin. 'Tis very dreadful! What a Dog have I been to ſpeak againſt my Conſcience, only to ſhew my Parts!

Lady. It comes nearer and nearer. I wiſh you have not anger'd it by your fooliſh Diſcourſe.

Tin. Indeed, Madam, I did not ſpeak from my Heart: I hope it will do me no hurt, for a little harmleſs Raillery.

Lady. Harmleſs, d'ye call it? It beats hard by us, as if it would break through the Wall!

Tin. What a Devil had I to do with a white Sheet? [*Scene opens, and diſcovers* Fantome. Mercy on us! it appears.

Lady. Oh! 'tis he! 'tis he himſelf! 'tis Sir *George!* 'tis my Huſband! [*She faints.*

Tin. Now would I give Ten Thouſand Pounds that I were in Town. [Fantome *advances to him Drumming.*] I beg Ten Thouſand Pardons: I'll never talk at this rate any more. [Fantome *ſtill advances Drumming.*] By my Soul, Sir *George*, I was not in earneſt. [*Falls on his Knees.*] Have Compaſſion on my Youth, and conſider I am but a Coxcomb— [Fantome *points to the Door.*] But ſee he waves me off —— Ay, with all my Heart —— What a Devil had I to do with a white Sheet? [*He ſteals off the Stage, mending his Pace as the Drum beats.*

Fan. The Scoundrel is gone, and has left his Miſtreſs behind him; I'm miſtaken if he makes Love in this Houſe any more. I have now only the Conjurer to deal with. I don't queſtion but I ſhall make his Reverence ſcamper as faſt as the Lover: And then the Day's my own. But the Servants are coming. I muſt get into my Cupboard. [*He goes in.*

Enter Abigail *and Servants.*

Ab. Oh my poor Lady! This wicked Drum has frighted

frighted Mr. *Tinſel* out of his Wits, and my Lady into a Swoon. Let me bend her a little forward. She revives. Here, carry her into the freſh Air, and ſhe'll recover. [*They carry her off.*] This is a little barbarous to my Lady; but 'tis all for her good: And I know her ſo well, that ſhe would not be angry with me, if ſhe knew what I was to get by it. And if any of her Friends ſhould blame me for it hereafter,

I'll clap my Hand upon my Purſe and tell 'em,
'Twas for a Thouſand Pounds, and Mr. Vellum.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir George *in his Conjurer's Habit, the* Butler *marching before him with two large Candles, and the two Servants coming after him, one bringing a little Table, and another a Chair.*

But. AN'T pleaſe your Worſhip, Mr. *Conjurer*, the Steward has given all of us Orders to do whatſoever you ſhall bid us, and to pay you the ſame Reſpect, as if you were our Maſter.

Sir *G.* Thou ſay'ſt well.

Gard. An't pleaſe your Conjurerſhip's Worſhip, ſhall I ſet the Table down here?

Sir *G.* Here, *Peter*.

Gard. Peter! —— He knows my Name by his Learning. [*Aſide.*

Coach. I have brought you, Reverend Sir, the largeſt Elbow Chair in the Houſe; 'tis that the Steward ſits in when he holds a Court.

Sir *G.* Place it there.

But. Sir, will you pleaſe to want any thing elſe?

Sir *G.* Paper, and a Pen and Ink.

But. Sir, I believe we have Paper that is fit for your Purpoſe! my Lady's mourning Paper, that is black'd at the Edges —— Would you chuſe to write with a Crow Quill?

Sir *G.* There is none better.

But. Coachman, go fetch the Paper and Standiſh out of the little Parlour.

Coach. [*To Gard.*] *Peter*, pr'ythee do thou go along with me —— I'm afraid —— You know I went with you laſt Night into the Garden, when the Cook-maid wanted a handful of Parſley.

But. Why, you don't think I'll ſtay with the Conjurer by my ſelf!

Gard. Come, we'll all three go and fetch the Pen and Ink together. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir *G. ſolus.* There's nothing I ſee makes ſuch ſtrong Alliances as Fear. Theſe Fellows are all enter'd into a Confederacy againſt the Ghoſt. There muſt be abundance of Buſineſs done in the Family at this rate. But here comes the Tripple-Alliance. Who cou'd have thought theſe three Rogues cou'd have found each of 'em an Employment in fetching a Pen and Ink!

Enter Gardener *with a Sheet of Paper*, Coachman *with a Standiſh, and* Butler *with a Pen.*

Gard. Sir, there is your Paper.

Coach. Sir, there is your Standiſh.

But. Sir, there is your Crow-quill Pen —— I'm glad I have got rid on't. [*Aſide.*

Gard. [*Aſide.*] He forgets that he's to make a Circle—Doctor, ſhall I help you to a Bit of Chalk?

Sir *G.* It is no matter.

But. Look ye, Sir, I ſhow'd you the Spot where he's heard

heard ofteneſt, if your Worſhip can but ferret him out of that old Wall in the next Room———

Sir *G.* We ſhall try.

Gard. That's right, *John.* His Worſhip muſt let fly all his Learning at that old Wall.

But. Sir, if I was worthy to adviſe you, I wou'd have a Bottle of good *October* by me. Shall I ſet a Cup of Stingo at your Elbow?

Sir *G.* I thank thee—— we ſhall do without it.

Gard. John, he ſeems a very good-natur'd Man for a Conjurer.

But. I'll take this Opportunity of enquiring after a Bit of Plate I have loſt. I fancy, whilſt he is in my Lady's Pay, one may hedge in a Queſtion or two into the Bargain. Sir, Sir, may I beg a word in your Ear?

Sir *G.* What wouldſt thou?

But. Sir, I know I need not tell you, that I loſt one of my Silver Spoons laſt Week.

Sir *G.* Mark'd with a Swan's Neck———

But. My Lady's Creſt! He knows every thing. [*Aſide.* How wou'd your Worſhip adviſe me to recover it again?

Sir *G.* Hum!

But. What muſt I do to come at it?

Sir *G.* Drink nothing but Small-Beer for a Fortnight—

But. Small Beer! Rot-gut!

Sir *G.* If thou drink'ſt a ſingle Drop of Ale before fifteen Days are expir'd—— it is as much—— as thy Spoon—— is worth.

But. I ſhall never recover it that way; I'll e'en buy a new one. [*Aſide.*

Coach. D'ye mind how they whiſper?

Gard. I'll be hang'd if he be not aſking him ſomething about *Nell*———

Coach. I'll take this Opportunity of putting a Queſtion to him about poor *Dobbing:* I fancy he cou'd give me better Counſel than the Farrier.

But. [*To Gard.*] A prodigious Man! he knows every thing: Now is the time to find out thy Pick-ax.

Gard. I have nothing to give him: Does not he expect to have his Hand croſs'd with Silver?

Coach. [*To* Sir *G.*] Sir, may a Man venture to aſk you a Queſtion.

Sir *G.* Aſk it.

Coach. I have a poor Horſe in the Stable that's bewitch'd———

Sir *G.* A bay Gelding.

Coach. How cou'd he know that? [*Aſide.*

Sir *G.* Bought at *Banbury.*

Coach. Whew—ſo it was o' my Conſcience. [*Whiſtles.*

Sir *G.* Six Year old laſt *Lammas.*

Coach. To a Day. [*Aſide.*] Now, Sir, I would know whether the poor Beaſt is bewitch'd by goody *Crouch* or Goody *Fly?*

Sir *G.* Neither.

Coach. Then it muſt be Goody *Gurton*; for ſhe is the next oldeſt Woman in the Pariſh.

Gard. Haſt thou done, *Robin?*

Coach. [*To Gard.*] He can tell thee any thing.

Gard. [*To* Sir *G.*] Sir, I wou'd beg to take you a little further out of hearing———

Sir *G.* Speak.

Gard. The Butler and I, Mr. Doctor, were both of us in Love at the ſame time with a certain Perſon.

Sir *G.* A Woman.

Gard. How cou'd he know that? [*Aſide.*

Sir *G.* Go on.

Gard. This Woman has lately had two Children at a Birth.

Sir *G.* Twins.

Gard. Prodigious! where could he hear that? [*Aſide.*

Sir *G.* Proceed.

Gard.

Gard. Now, becauſe I us'd to meet her ſometimes in the Garden, ſhe has laid them both———

Sir *G.* To Thee.

Gard. What a Power of Learning he muſt have! he knows every thing. [*Aſide.*

Sir *G.* Haſt thou done?

Gard. I wou'd deſire to know whether I am really Father to them both.

Sir *G.* Stand before me, let me ſurvey thee round. [*Lays his Wand upon his Head, and makes him turn about.*]

Coach. Look yonder, *John*, the ſilly Dog is turning about under the Conjurer's Wand. If he has been ſaucy to him, we ſhall ſee him puff'd off in a Wirlwind immediately.

Sir *G.* Twins, doſt thou ſay? [*Still turning him.*

Gard. Ay, are they both mine d'ye think?

Sir *G.* Own but one of them.

Gard. Ah, but Mrs. *Abigail* will have me take care of them both——— ſhe's always for the Butler——— if my poor Maſter Sir *George* had been alive, he wou'd have made him go Halves with me.

Sir *G.* What, was Sir *George* a kind Maſter?

Gard. Was he! Ay, my Fellow-Servants will bear me Witneſs.

Sir *G.* Did ye love Sir *George?*

But. Every Body lov'd him———

Coach. There was not a dry Eye in the Pariſh at the News of his Death———

Gard. He was the beſt Neighbour———

But. The kindeſt Huſband———

Coach. The trueſt Friend to the Poor———

But. My good Lady took on mightily, we all thought it would have been the Death of her———

Sir *G.* I proteſt theſe Fellows melt me! I think the time long till I am their Maſter again, that I may be kind to them. [*Aſide.*

Enter Vellum.

Vel. Have you provided the Doctor ev'ry thing he has Occaſion for? if ſo, —— you may depart.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

Sir G. I can as yet ſee no hurt in my Wife's Behaviour; but ſtill have ſome certain Pangs and Doubts, that are natural to the Heart of a Fond Man. I muſt take the Advantage of my Diſguiſe to be thoroughly ſatisfied. It would neither be for her Happineſs, nor mine to make my ſelf known to her till I am ſo. [*Aſide.*] Dear *Vellum!* I am impatient to hear ſome News of my Wife; how does ſhe after her Fright?

Vel. It is a Saying ſomewhere in my Lord *Coke*, that a Widow——

Sir G. I aſk of my Wife, and thou talk'ſt to me of my Lord *Coke*——pr'ythee tell me how ſhe does, for I am in pain for her.

Vel. She is pretty well recover'd. Mrs. *Abigail* has put her in good Heart; and I have given her great Hopes from your Skill.

Sir G. That I think cannot fail, ſince thou haſt got this Secret out of *Abigail!* But I could not have thought my Friend *Fantome* would have ſerv'd me thus——

Vel. You will fancy you are a living Man——

Sir G. That he ſhould endeavour to enſnare my Wife——

Vel. You have no Right in her after your Demiſe. Death extinguiſhes all Property,——*Quoad hanc*——It is a Maxim in the Law.

Sir G. A Pox on your Learning! Well, but what is become of *Tinſel?*

Vel. He ruſh'd out of the Houſe, call'd for his Horſe, clap'd Spurs to his Sides, and was out of ſight in leſs time than I----can---tell---ten.

Sir G. This is whimſical enough! my Wife will have a quick Succeſſion of Lovers, in one Day——*Fantome* has driven out *Tinſel*, and I ſhall drive out *Fantome*.

Vel.

Vel. Ev'n as one Wedge driveth out another---he, he, he! you muſt pardon me for being Jocular.

Sir G. Was there ever ſuch a provoking Blockhead? but he means me well---Well I muſt have Satisfaction of this Traitor *Fantome*; and cannot take a more proper one, than by turning him out of my Houſe, in a manner that ſhall throw Shame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives.——You muſt remember, *Vellum*, you have abundance of Buſineſs upon your Hands, and I have but juſt time to tell it you over; all I require of you is Diſpatch, therefore hear me.

Vel. There is nothing more requiſite in Buſineſs than Diſpatch——

Sir G. Then hear me.

Vel. It is indeed the Life of Buſineſs ——

Sir G. Hear me then, I ſay.

Vel. And as one has rightly obſerv'd, the Benefit that attends it is four-fold. Firſt——

Sir G. There is no bearing this! Thou art a going to deſcribe Diſpatch, when thou ſhould'ſt be practiſing it.

Vel. But your Ho-nour will not give me the hearing—

Sir G. Thou wilt not give me the Hearing. [*Angrily.*

Vel. I am ſtill.

Sir G. In the firſt Place, you are to lay my Wig, Hat, and Sword ready for me in the Cloſet, and one of my Scarlet Coats. You know how *Abigail* has deſcrib'd the Ghoſt to you.

Vel. It ſhall be done.

Sir G. Then you muſt remember, whilſt I am laying this Ghoſt, you are to prepare my Wife for the Reception of her real Huſband; tell her the whole Story, and do it with all the Art you are Maſter of, that the Surprize may not to be too great for her.

Vel. It ſhall be done---But ſince her Ho-nour has ſeen his Apparition ſhe deſires to ſee you once more, before you encounter it.

Sir G.

Sir G. I ſhall expect her impatiently. For now I can talk to her without being interrupted by that impertinent Rogue *Tinſel*. I hope thou haſt not told *Abigail* any thing of the Secret.

Vel. Mrs. *Abigail* is a Woman; there are many Reaſons why ſhe ſhould not be acquainted with it: I ſhall only mention Six——

Sir G. Huſh, here ſhe comes! Oh my Heart!

Enter Lady *and* Abigail.

Sir G. [*Aſide, while* Vellum *talks in dumb Show to Lady.*] O that lov'd Woman! How I long to take her in my Arms! If I find I am ſtill dear to her Memory, it will be a return to Life indeed! But I muſt take care of indulging this Tenderneſs, and put on a Behaviour more ſuitable to my preſent Character.

[*Walks at a Diſtance in a penſive Poſture, waving his Wand.*

Lady. [*to* Vellum.] This is ſurprizing indeed! So all the Servants tell me; they ſay he knows every thing that has happen'd in the Family.

Ab. [*Aſide.*] A parcel of credulous Fools! they firſt tell him their Secrets, and then wonder how he comes to know them.

[*Exit* Vellum, *exchanging fond Looks with* Abigail.

Lady. Learn'd Sir, may I have ſome Converſation with you, before you begin you Ceremonies?

Sir G. Speak! but hold---firſt let me feel your Pulſe?

Lady. What can you learn from that?

Sir G. I have already learn'd a Secret from it, that will aſtoniſh you.

Lady. Pray what is it?

Sir G. You will have a Huſband within this half Hour.

Ab. [*Aſide.*] I am glad to hear that——He muſt mean Mr. *Fantome*; I begin to think there's a good deal of Truth in his Art.

Lady. Alas! I fear you mean I ſhall ſee Sir *George's* Apparition a ſecond time.

Sir G.

Sir G. Have Courage, you ſhall ſee the Apparition no more. The Huſband I mention ſhall be as much alive as I am.

Ab. Mr. *Fantome* to be ſure. [*Aſide.*

Lady. Impoſſible! I lov'd my firſt too well.

Sir G. You cou'd not love the firſt better than you will love the ſecond.

Ab. [*Aſide.*] I'll be hang'd if my dear Steward has not inſtructed him; he means Mr. *Fantome* to be ſure; the thouſand Pound is our own!

Lady. Alas! you did not know Sir *George.*

Sir G. As well as I do my ſelf——I ſaw him with you in the red Damaſk Room, when he firſt made Love to you; your Mother left you together, under pretence of receiving a Viſit from Mrs. *Hawthorn,* on her Return from *London.*

Lady. This is aſtoniſhing!

Sir G. You were a great Admirer of a ſingle Life for the firſt Half Hour; your Refuſals then grew ſtill fainter and fainter. With what Ecſtaſy did Sir *George* kiſs your Hand, when you told him you ſhould always follow the Advice of your *Mamma!*

Lady. Every Circumſtance to a Tittle!

Sir G. Then, Lady, the Wedding Night! I ſaw you in your white Sattin Night-gown: You would not come out of your Dreſſing-room, till Sir *George* took you out by Force. He drew you gently by the Hand——You ſtruggled——but he was too ſtrong for you——You bluſh'd; he——

Lady. Oh! ſtop there! go no farther!——He knows every thing. [*Aſide.*

Ab. Truly. Mr. *Conjurer,* I believe you have been a Wagg in your Youth.

Sir G. Mrs. *Abigail,* you know what your good Word coſt Sir *George,* a Purſe of Broad Pieces, Mrs. *Abigail*——

Ab. The Devil's in him. [*Aſide.*] Pray, Sir, ſince you

you have told ſo far, you ſhould tell my Lady that I refus'd to take them.

Sir G. 'Tis true, Child, he was forc'd to thruſt them into your Boſom.

Ab. This Rogue will mention the Thouſand Pound, if I don't take care. [*Aſide.*] Pray, Sir, though you are a Conjurer, methinks you need not be a Blab——

Lady. Sir, ſince I have now no Reaſon to doubt of your Art, I muſt beſeech you to treat this Apparition gently. It has the Reſemblance of my deceas'd Huſband; if there be any undiſcover'd Secret, any thing that troubles his Reſt, learn it of him.

Sir G. I muſt to that end be ſincerely inform'd by you, whether your Heart be engag'd to another. Have not you receiv'd the Addreſſes of many Lovers ſince his Death?

Lady. I have been oblig'd to receive more Viſits than have been agreeable.

Sir G. Was not *Tinſel* welcome?——I'm afraid to hear an Anſwer to my own Queſtion. [*Aſide.*

Lady. He was well recommended.

Sir G. Racks! [*Aſide.*

Lady. Of a good Family

Sir G. Tortures! [*Aſide.*

Lady. Heir to a conſiderable Eſtate!

Sir G. Death! [*Aſide.*] And you ſtill love him?—I'm diſtracted! [*Aſide.*

Lady. No, I deſpiſe him. I found he had a Deſign upon my Fortune; was baſe, profligate, cowardly, and every thing that cou'd be expected from a Man of the vileſt Principles!——

Sir G. I'm recover'd.

Ab. Oh, Madam, had you ſeen how like a Scoundrel he look'd when he left your Ladyſhip in a Swoon! Where have you left my Lady? ſays I. In an Elbow-chair, Child, ſays he. And where are you going? ſays I. To Town, Child, ſays he: For to tell thee truly, Child, ſays he, don

don't care for living under the ſame Roof with the Devil, ſays he.

Sir G. Well, Lady, I ſee nothing in all this, that may hinder Sir *George*'s Spirit from being at reſt.

Lady. If he knows any thing of what paſſes in my Heart, he cannot but be ſatisfied of that Fondneſs which I bear to his Memory. My Sorrow for him is always freſh when I think of him. He was the kindeſt, trueſt, tendereſt——Tears will not let me go on——

Sir G. This quite o'erpowers me——I ſhall diſcover my ſelf before my Time. [*Aſide.*]—Madam, you may now retire, and leave me to my ſelf.

Lady. Succeſs attend you!

Ab. I wiſh Mr. *Fantome* gets well off from this old Don—I know he'll be with him immediately.

[*Exeunt* Lady *and* Abigail.

Sir George *ſolus.*

Sir G. My Heart is now at Eaſe; ſhe is the ſame fair Woman I left her—— Now for my Revenge upon *Fantome.*— I ſhall cut the Ceremonies ſhort—— A few Words will do his Buſineſs—— Now let me ſeat my ſelf in Form— A good eaſy Chair for a Conjurer is!—— Now for a few mathematical Scratches— A good lucky Scrawl, that—— Faith I think it looks very Aſtrological—Theſe two or three magical Pot-hooks about it, make it a compleat Conjurer's Scheme. [*Drums*] Ha, ha, ha, Sir, are you there! [*Enter* Drummer] Now muſt I pore upon my Paper.

Enter Fantome, *beating his Drum.*

Sir G. Pr'ythee don't make a Noiſe, I'm buſy.

[Fantome *beats.*

Sir G. A pretty March? pr'ythee beat that over again.

[*He beats and advances.*

Sir G. [*Riſing.*] Ha! you're very perfect in the Step of a Ghoſt. You ſtalk it majeſtically. [Fantome *advances.*

Sir G. How the Rogue ſtares, he acts it to Admiration;

tion; I'll be hang'd if he has not been practising this half Hour in Mrs. *Abigail*'s Wardrobe.

[Fantome *starts, gives a Rap upon his Drum.*

Sir G. Pry'thee don't play the Fool. [Fantome *beats.*

Sir G. Nay, nay, enough of this, good Mr. *Fantome.*

Fan. [*Aside.*] Death! I'm discover'd. This Jade *Abigail* has betray'd me.

Sir G. Mr. *Fantome*, upon the Word of an Astrologer, your Thousand Pound Bribe will never gain my Lady *Truman.*

Fan. 'Tis plain, she has told him all. [*Aside.*

Sir G. Let me advise you to make off as fast as you can, or I plainly perceive by my Art, Mr. *Ghost* will have his Bones broke.

Fan. [*To Sir* G.] Look ye, old Gentleman, I perceive you have learnt this Secret from Mrs. *Abigail.*

Sir G. I have learnt it from my Art.

Fan. Thy Art! pr'ythee no more of that. Look ye I know you are a cheat as much as I am. And if thou'l keep my Counsel, I'll give thee ten broad Pieces.——

Sir G. I am not mercenary! Young Man, I scorn thy Gold.

Fan. I'll make them up Twenty.——

Sir G. Avaunt! and that quickly, or I'll raise such an Apparition as shall——

Fan. An Apparition, old Gentleman! you mistake your Man, I'm not to be frighten'd with Bugbears!——

Sir G. Let me retire but for a few Moments, and I will give thee such a Proof of my Art——

Fan. Why, if thou hast any *Hocus-pocus* Tricks to play, why can'st thou not do them here?

Sir G. The raising of a Spirit, requires certain secret Mysteries to be performed and Words to be mutter'd in private——

Fan. Well, if I see through your Trick, will you promise to be my Friend?

Sir G. I will—— attend and tremble. [*Exit*

Fantom

Fantome *ſolus.*

Fan. A very ſolemn old Aſs! But I ſmoke him,—he has a mind to raiſe his Price upon me. I cou'd not think this Slut wou'd have us'd me thus.——I begin to grow horribly tir'd of my Drum. I wiſh I was well rid of it. However I have got this by it, that it has driven off *Tinſel* for good and all; I ſhan't have the Mortification to ſee my Miſtreſs carry'd off by ſuch a Rival. Well, whatever happens, I muſt ſtop this old Fellow's Mouth, I muſt not be ſparing in Huſh-money. But here he comes.

Enter Sir George *in his own Habit.*

Fan. Ha! what's that! Sir *George Truman!* This can be no Counterfeit. His Dreſs! his Shape! his Face! the very Wound of which he dy'd! Nay, then 'tis time to decamp! [*Runs off.*

Sir G. Ha, ha, ha! Fare you well, good Sir *George*—The Enemy has left me Maſter of the Field: Here are the Marks of my Victory. This Drum will I hang up in my great Hall as the Trophy of the Day.

Enter Abigail.

Sir George *ſtands with his Hand before his Face in a muſing Poſture.*

Ab. Yonder he is. O' my Conſcience he has driven off the Conjurer. Mr. *Fantome*, Mr. *Fantome!* I give you Joy, I give you Joy. What do you think of your Thouſand Pounds now, why does not the Man ſpeak? [*Pulls him by the Sleeve.*

Sir G. Ha! [*Taking his Hand from his Face.*

Ab. Oh! 'tis my Maſter! [*Shrieks.*

[*Running away he catches her.*

Sir G. Good Mrs. *Abigail* not ſo faſt.

Ab. Are you alive, Sir? He has given my Shoulder ſuch a curſed Tweak! they muſt be real Fingers. I feel 'em I'm ſure.

Sir G. What doſt thou think?

Ab. Think, Sir? think? Troth I don't know what to think. Pray, Sir, how——

Sir G.

Sir G. No Queſtions, good *Abigail*; thy Curioſity ſhall be ſatisfied in due time. Where's your Lady?

Ab. Oh, I'm ſo frighted! —— and ſo glad——

Sir G. Where's your Lady! I aſk you——

Ab. Marry I don't know where I am my ſelf—I can't forbear weeping for Joy——

Sir G. Your Lady! I ſay your Lady! I muſt bring you to your ſelf with one Pinch more——

Ab. Oh! ſhe has been talking a good while with the Steward.

Sir G. Then he has open'd the whole Story to her. I'm glad he has prepar'd her. Oh! here ſhe comes.

Enter Lady *follow'd by* Vellum.

Lady. Where is he? let me fly into his Arms? my Life! my Soul! my Huſband!

Sir G. Oh! let me catch thee to my Heart, deareſt of Women.

Lady. Are you then ſtill alive, and are you here! I can ſcarce believe my Senſes! Now am I happy indeed!

Sir G. My Heart is too full to anſwer thee.

Lady. How could you be ſo cruel to defer giving me that Joy which you knew I muſt receive from your Preſence? You have robb'd my Life of ſome Hours of Happineſs that ought to have been in it.

Sir G. It was to make our Happineſs the more ſincere and unmixt: There will be now no Doubts to daſh it. What has been the Affliction of our Lives, has given a Variety to them, and will hereafter ſupply us with a thouſand Materials to talk of.

Lady. I am now ſatisfied that it is not in the Power of Abſence to leſſen your Love towards me.

Sir G. And I am ſatisfied that it is not in the Power of Death to deſtroy that Love which makes me the happieſt of Men.

Lady. Was ever Woman ſo bleſt! to find again the Darling of her Soul, when ſhe thought him loſt for ever!

to

to enter into a kind of ſecond Marriage with the only Man whom ſhe was ever capable of loving!

Sir G. May it be as happy as our firſt, I deſire no more! Believe me, my Dear, I want Words to expreſs thoſe Tranſports of Joy and Tenderneſs which are every Moment riſing in my Heart whilſt I ſpeak to thee.

Enter Servants.

But. Juſt as the Steward told us, Lads! Look you there, if he ben't with my Lady already?

Gard. He! he! he! what a joyful Night will this be for Madam.

Coach. As I was coming in at the Gate, a ſtrange Gentleman whiſk'd by me; but he took to his Heels, and made away to the *George*. If I did not ſee Maſter before me, I ſhou'd have ſworn it had been his Honour!

Gard. Haſt thou given Orders for the Bells to be ſet a ringing?

Coach. Never trouble thy Head about that, 'tis done.

Sir G. [*to* Lady.] My Dear, I long as much to tell you my whole Story, as you do to hear it. In the mean while I am to look upon this as my Wedding-Day. I'll have nothing but the Voice of Mirth and Feaſting in my Houſe. My poor Neighbours and my Servants ſhall rejoice with me. My Hall ſhall be free to every one, and let my Cellars be thrown open.

But. Ah! bleſs your Honour, may you never die again!

Coach. The ſame good Man that ever he was!

Gard. Whurra!

Sir G. *Vellum*, thou haſt done me much Service to-day. I know thou lov'ſt *Abigail*, but ſhe's diſappointed in a Fortune. I'll make it up to both of you. I'll give thee a Thouſand Pound with her. It is not fit there ſhou'd be one ſad Heart in my Houſe to-night.

Lady. What you do for *Abigail*, I know is meant as a Com-

a Compliment to me. This is a new Inſtance of your Love.

Ab. Mr. *Vellum*, you are a well ſpoken Man: Pray do you thank my Maſter and my Lady.

Sir G. *Vellum*, I hope you are not diſpleas'd with the Gift I make you.

Vel. *The Gift is Twofold. I receive from you*
A virtuous Partner, and a Portion too;
For which in humble wiſe, I thank the Donors;
And ſo we bid Good-night to both your Ho--nours.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Oldfield.*

TO-night, the Poet's Advocate I ſtand;
And he deſerves the Favour at my Hand,
Who in my Equipage their Cauſe debating
Has plac'd two Lovers, and a third in waiting:
If both the firſt ſhould from their Duty ſwerve,
There's one behind the Wainſcot in reſerve.
In his next Play, if I would take this Trouble,
He promis'd me to make the Number double:
In troth 'twas ſpoke like an obliging Creature,
For though 'tis ſimple, yet it ſhews Good-nature.

My Help thus aſk'd, I could not chuſe but grant it,
And really I thought the Play would want it,
Void as it is of all the uſual Arts
To warm your Fancies, and to ſteal your Hearts:
No Court-intrigue, nor City-cuckoldom,
No Song, no Dance, no Muſick— but a Drum——
No ſmutty Thought in doubtful Phraſe expreſt,
And, Gentlemen, if ſo, pray where's the Jeſt?
When we would raiſe your Mirth, you hardly know
Whether, in ſtrictneſs, you ſhould laugh or no;
But turn upon the Ladies in the Pit,
And if they redden, you are ſure 'tis Wit.

Protect him then, ye Fair ones; for the Fair
Of all Conditions are his equal Care.

EPILOGUE.

He draws a Widow, who, of blameleſs Carriage,
True to her Jointure, hates a ſecond Marriage;
And, to improve a virtuous Wife's Delights,
Out of one Man contrives two Wedding-nights;
Nay, to oblige the Sex in ev'ry State,
A Nymph of five and forty finds her Mate.

Too long has Marriage, in this taſteleſs Age,
With ill-bred Raillery ſupply'd the Stage:
No little Scribbler is of Wit ſo bare,
But has his fling at the poor wedded Pair.
Our Author deals not in Conceits ſo ſtale:
For ſhould th' Examples of his Play prevail,
No Man need bluſh, though true to Marriage-vows,
Nor be a Jeſt, though he ſhould love his Spouſe.
Thus has he done you British *Conſorts right,*
Whoſe Huſbands, ſhould they pry like mine To-night,
Would never find you in your Conduct Slipping,
Though they turn'd Conjurers to take you Tripping.

FINIS.